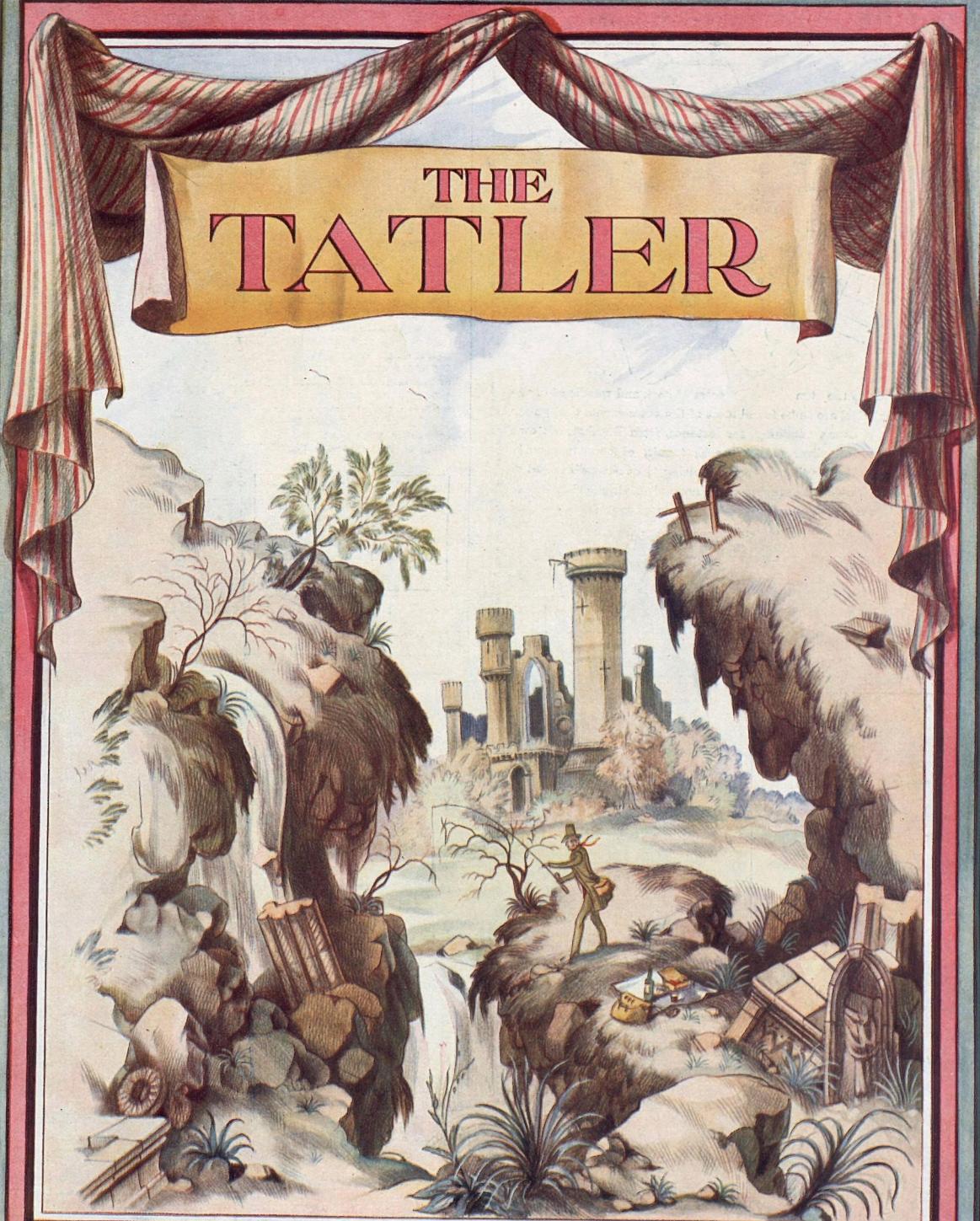


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The TATLER

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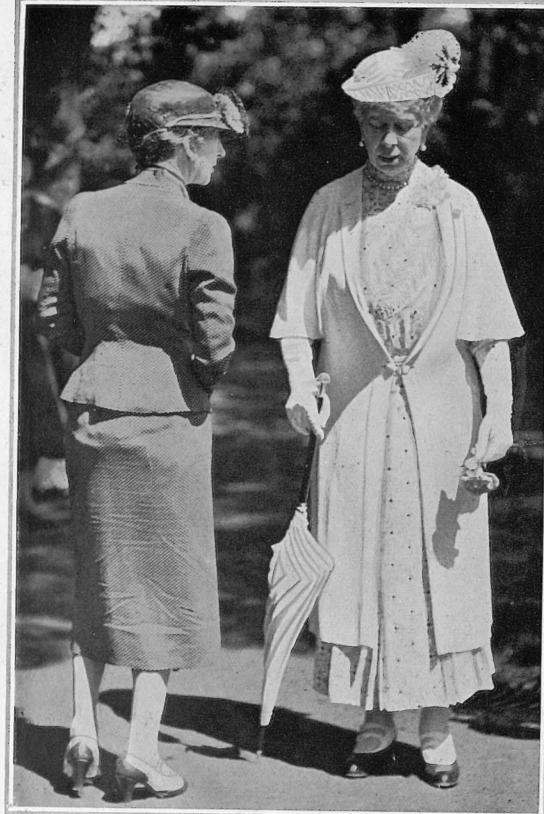


H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT

Cecil Beaton

The Duchess of Kent, who was appointed a Dame Grand Cross of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire in the Coronation Honours List, and also Honorary Colonel of the Buckinghamshire Battalion, the Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire Light Infantry, has since received a further honour from the King. At Buckingham Palace, on Tuesday of last week, His Majesty invested Her Royal Highness with the Insignia of a Dame Grand Cross of the Venerable Order of the Hospital of St. John of Jerusalem in the British Realm

PANORAMA



HONOURING THE CHELSEA SHOW

Queen Mary and Her Majesty's sister-in-law, the Queen of Norway, at the renowned Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society, which, as becomes this year of years, was the largest ever staged. The following day, when flags were flying for the Queen Mother's birthday, H.M. gave a big family luncheon party at Marlborough House

A SHROPSHIRE CHRISTENING *Truman Howell*

Last week Sir Richard and Lady Leighton's younger daughter was well and truly named Judith, Irene, Kathleen. She is seen here in her mother's arms, and on the left are Michael, the only son of the house, and elder sister Lavinia, who simply insisted on taking her baby doll to church too. Leightons have lived at Loton Park, near Shrewsbury in Shropshire, since the 12th century

"I'm so d——d tired," a distinguished dowager whispered last week, as she waited in the early hours of the morning for her car to take her home. It is easy to sympathise. The orgy of evening receptions, though it may be an excellent way of promoting international amity and good feeling in the Empire, has been hard on knees tending to develop rheumatism and made exacting demands on the power of resistance of the older generation who were getting used to retirement and early bed!

Still, if it's done nothing else, the non-stop formal entertainment of the last three or four weeks has, at any rate, restored the older woman to a position of social importance.

So far the Coronation season has been "a gala" for the older, more dignified generation. Parties for youngsters have passed more or less unnoticed, and our Empire statesmen and visitors from all corners of the Empire will carry away mental pictures of bejewelled and tiara-crowned middle-aged women, among other memories of their Coronation visit.

* * *

"You can always tell a good English woman by her dirty diamonds," was a disrespectful Continental saying

Bertram Park
PRINCESS PRISCILLA BIBESCO

The only daughter of Prince and Princess Antoine Bibesco, and grand-daughter of the Countess of Oxford and Asquith. Princess Priscilla, just seventeen and just out, has heredity on her side in the matter of brains, so it is not surprising that she is extremely intelligent. Golf is one of her favourite games

that has lost its meaning (if it ever had any) within the last few weeks. Everyone has given their jewels a good "spit and polish," and the most dazzling tiaras were those crowning wearers whose reputations have never been touched by even the faintest hint of scandal. In many cases matchless stones made up for antiquity of design. It is comforting to know that the contents of so many family jewel cases are still intact, for wearers of imitation gems were few and far between.

Lady Desborough, owner of world-famous gems, must, I imagine, have got out her genuine family jewels for the State banquets and other parties she attended. She is one of the few peeresses, if not the only one, who has had her best jewels "copied," and keeps the originals in the bank for the greater part of the year, using them only on special occasions.

She took this precaution after thieves

managed to enter one of Lord Desborough's homes a few years ago. Luckily, on that occasion too, the jewellery was safely in the bank. But since then Lady Desborough usually wears her copies, and makes no secret of it.

* * *

Mary, Viscountess Harcourt, reported as having gone to the United States, made rumour look silly (as it often does) by arriving at the reception to Overseas Delegates and Dominions Representatives to the Imperial Conference given by Lord and Lady Hailsham in the Royal Gallery at the House of Lords.

This was, with the exception of the Court Ball, the grandest party of the week. Mary, Lady Harcourt, wore a high diamond tiara set with huge amethysts matching the faint tinge of mauve of her silver lamé dress, and other members of the Harcourt family present were, Lord Harcourt, his attractive, dark-haired wife, and Mrs. John Mulholland.

The Sultana of Johore, though not wearing as many of her splendid jewels as on other occasions, was striking with a diamond necklace, a tiara, and some clips scattered about the front of her blue dress.

Lord and Lady Hailsham, receiving in the lobby between the Royal Gallery and the room reserved for the Upper House when it meets, had to make a hasty trip to the other end of the Gallery, rather unexpectedly, when the Royal guests, Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone and the Earl of Athlone arrived at another entrance. By this time guests had filled the Gallery in a solid mass (why are people so immobile at a party of this sort?), but way was made somehow and a space cleared for presentations.

The Royal visitors made but a short stay at the party. A few



LADY BLENCH DOUGLAS WITH HER YOUNGER DAUGHTER

At the Bath and Somerset County races held at Bath, Lady Kathleen Eliot, who was born in 1921, a year before the death of her father, the 6th Earl of St. Germans, is a niece, through her mother, of the Duke of Beaufort, Master of the Horse. Lady Blanche Douglas goes racing with enthusiasm, and usually has a few 'chasers in training during the jumping season



LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM

A very attractive portrait of the youngest and only unmarried daughter of Lord and Lady Fitzwilliam. Lady Helena Fitzwilliam takes a light-hearted view of life, loves hunting and racing, is capital "mixer," and has innumerable friends in and out of Yorkshire. Her father is Joint Master of the family pack, the Fitzwilliam, and her only brother, Lord Milton, is Master and Huntsman of the Derwent

presentations, a progress down the crowded room, a few minutes' conversation and they seemed to vanish, and with them the host and hostess. Members of the Royal Family have such an enormously long list of engagements to fulfil just now that some of

an interest, so, I learnt, was Mary, Lady Minto. Group enthusiasm was so great that guests sat on the stage and overflowed on to the balcony upstairs. It takes all sorts to make a Coronation celebration.

* * *

This week's entertainments vary from the dinner given for the King and Queen by Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten last Monday, Lady Milbanke's Derby Ball on the same night, "The Fourth" at Eton, and the garden party that Sir Paul and Lady Patricia Latham are giving for overseas visitors at Hurstmonceux, their lovely moated Sussex home, on Saturday, when Sir Patrick and Lady Hannon will be also entertaining, and those who aren't in Sussex will be at Magna Carta Island, Wraysbury.

The Austrian Legation will be very busy. There is a concert on Thursday evening for the Caldecott Community of which the Duchess of Kent is Patron—Lady Willingdon, Lady Lytton, and, of course, Baron Frankenstein himself, are among those who have taken tickets and will be present, and on Friday that popular bachelor host will himself be giving

(Continued overleaf)



SUPPORTERS OF A GOOD CAUSE

Lady Scarsdale and Lord and Lady Maitland at the Queen Mary Birthday Ball, held on Her Majesty's birthday (May 26) at the Dorchester in aid of the Royal Eye Hospital. Lady Scarsdale helped Lord and Lady Beatty to receive, and her supper party—thirty strong—included Lord Lauderdale's son and daughter-in-law

their appearances at parties have, of necessity, to be brief.

* * *

The Oxford Group were not going to be left out of the picture in Coronation celebrations.

To meet women of the Oxford Group from overseas, Lady Dawber invited guests to luncheon at the Park Lane Hotel.

We accepted, and arrived with feelings in which curiosity and nervousness were mixed in about equal parts.

The idea of combining luncheon with "testimonies" from overseas and other visitors seemed, on first thoughts, rather embarrassing.

Lady Gowers made a speech welcoming visitors from all corners of the globe. A visitor from Ceylon sang in Sanskrit to the music of a singularly thin-sounding zither played by his attractive-looking sari-clad wife, and followed it up by a speech telling his views of what the Oxford Group had meant in his life. Louise, Lady Antrim's testimony was, I thought, less self-revealing, and certainly more restrained.

The Dowager Lady Emmott was one of the listeners, and so was Mrs. Gordon Moore (a guest and, like myself, not a member of the Group). Lady Muriel Paget was taking

an interest, so, I learnt, was Mary, Lady Minto. Group enthusiasm was so great that guests sat on the stage and overflowed on to the balcony upstairs. It takes all sorts to make a Coronation celebration.

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PANORAMA—continued

one of those "gold chair" and "decoration" parties with music, which he does so often and so well.

We're asked to meet delegates to the Imperial Conference, to listen to an orchestra conducted by Hans Oppenheim, and to hear Eva Heinitz and Elisabeth Schumann of the Vienna State Opera—a lovely evening for all those who appreciate high-brow music, and those who don't will go to "see" the audience (which is certain to be interesting) and enjoy the food, which is always good!

* * *

Diplomatic entertaining continues unabated, and when I asked a distinguished member of the Corps what he was looking forward to doing next week-end he replied ruefully, "Having a boiled egg and a cup of tea for my dinner with my feet up!" Last week the Brazilian Ambassador and Madame Régis de Oliveira gave a dinner party in honour of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, for which their daughter, Miss Sylvia Régis de Oliveira, arranged all the flowers herself. She is as popular as she is attractive; dislikes, above all things, being described as "Orchideaceous" (her favourite flower, which she nearly always wears or carries, is a gardenia), but her flashing, dark eyes and slim figure do, undoubtedly, lend her an exotic air. Miss Régis de Oliveira accompanied her parents when they went to Brazil last year—a trip they had repeatedly planned and as repeatedly put off for one reason or another—and once they finally arrived there they were almost killed by hospitality. During their visit the famous carnival at Rio took place, at which dancing goes on for days and nights on end, so that our more prosaic junketings must seem rather dull by contrast.

Madame Régis de Oliveira, the handsome Ambassador, has a beautiful and well-trained voice, and when she can be persuaded to stand by the piano in her drawing-room in Upper Brook Street to sing to her guests, she makes a charming picture, for she is one of the very few people I know who really *look* well whilst singing.

If he can find a suitable house the Ambassador thinks of moving the Embassy, but so far he has not discovered one that he likes which is adapted for entertaining on a large scale.

* * *

Invitations to fork lunches frankly fill me with dread, for all too often they resolve themselves into a desperate battle for the possession of a minute *vol-au-vent* which then performs figures of eight on a large plate, finally leaping salmon-wise into the air and landing in someone else's hock cup. Meanwhile, one's back aches, one's feet hurt, and one longs for a steak and a seat! But by asking only about two dozen people Mrs. Rose Morley gave the lie to my gloomy forebodings, for after cocktails upstairs we went down to the dining-room and sat comfortably at small tables whilst persuasive maids passed us hot lobster, cold salmon, strawberries and slices of black bread and butter topped with cheese and radishes.

Mr. Robert Lutyens, who designed the interior of Mrs. Morley's modern house in Stanhope Place, was talking to Countess Orloff, who, although English herself, despairs of ever getting anyone to understand her name on the telephone. Lord Faringdon, who was another at this party, told me that when he was in Russia studying the conditions of child welfare his interest was interpreted so literally that, without a word of warning, he was led into a maternity hospital where, fortunately for him, most of the patients at that moment appeared to be under the influence of twilight sleep!

Another party last week brought a crowd of astonished "locals" into the street to listen to the stimulating strains of a Hungarian Tzigane band that were wafted through the

open windows of the studio house in Church Street, Chelsea, when Count von Hosszu and Mr. John Page-Blair received, literally, hundreds of friends. The entire house and the garden at the back were completely jammed with people, and it was no mean achievement to reach the large studio, where a collection of portraits by Count von Hosszu were on view. Notable amongst them was one of the Regent of Hungary, and a charming portrait of Lady Reid, who, like many of the other sitters, was also there in person.

In the room leading into the garden I noticed an intriguing picture of a mysterious lady leaning out of a theatre box and holding opera glasses to her eyes, which were as effectively concealing as a mask. In contrast to this modern studio-house, Mr. Page-Blair has a delightful old house at Boveney, near Windsor, which is full of fine old panelling and has its own small church built in the grounds. The house is part of the Eton Trust, and boasts a ghost that is said to glide through a cupboard door in Mr. Page-Blair's study, but apparently it is a friendly ghost and an asset rather than a sinister liability.

* * *

Every time there is a Court Ball, and I have the luck to attend it, I always wonder whether one of the Gold Sticks in Waiting will trip up. To me the procession to the supper room with Gold Sticks walking backwards, bowing as they go, and the Lord Chamberlain also bowing as he walks backwards before the King and Queen, is one of the most impressive sights of the evening, but so far no Gold Stick has ever been known to trip. Accidents never happen at a Royal party!

The State Ball last week was really a birthday party for Queen Mary, and Her Majesty, receiving good wishes all the evening, looked an extraordinarily happy as well as a magnificent figure in her silvery dress, her diamond crown and many diamonds.

Queen Elizabeth's white and gold frock sparkled with crystal and silver embroidery. Her first partner was the King of Egypt, the only man as far as I could see in ordinary evening dress at a gathering in which the men guests wore every variety of costume, from the simple white, skirt-like tunic and turban of a Burmese visitor to the magnificent golden coats and the jewelled turbans of the Indian princesses.

You have to go to a State Ball to see just how many varieties of tiaras can be worn. Next in size to those of the Queen and Queen Mary was the enormous crown of the Grand Duchess of Hesse, and the tiaras of the Duchess of Northumberland, the Duchess of Roxburgh and the Duchess of Buccleuch "magnificent."

The ballroom was hot, but the King, in the full-dress uniform of the Cameron Highlanders, danced the first few dances and was apparently not inconvenienced by the weight of the plaid over his shoulder. Privy Councillors, of whom there seemed to be a good many about, were less lucky; their gold-braided coats alone are said to weigh round about 20 pounds!

Eastern magnificence outshone even the most elaborate Western uniforms. You never find a man admitting that appearances are important; still, I did notice a few envious masculine glances directed to the impressive figure cut by a guest from Nepal. Even a turban looks a little insignificant beside a jewelled cap with a three-foot-long Paradise plume towering above it, and drop emeralds and pearls which formed a fringe over the wearer's forehead.

The Duchess of Gloucester, dancing with her tall husband (a really striking figure in his scarlet full-dress tunic), looked charming in a white satin frock with a pleated flounce, below a close-fitting, tunic-like overdress.

Queen Nazli, mother of the King of Egypt, danced with King George. She has lovely red hair, which was shown to advantage by her silver dress.



IN TOWN ONE NIGHT:
MISS PRIMULA ROLLO AND LORD COWDRAY
The actual location was the Café de Paris on the evening of the day that Lord Cowdray's polo team knocked The Pilgrims out absolutely stone-cold in a tie in the Ranelagh Handicap Tournament. They won 16 to 2½, which means that they annihilated the enemy. Miss Primula Rollo is the daughter of Captain and Lady Kathleen Rollo

AT OVERSEAS HOUSE

Another Coronation Ball



LORD MANNERS WATCHING MRS. THERON BEING CARICATURED



THE HON. GEORGE BELLEW, SOMERSET HERALD, AND HIS ATTRACTIVE WIFE



THE HON. MRS. DOMVILLE AND MAJOR THE HON. HERBRAND ALEXANDER



THE HON. MRS. LLOYD THOMAS, MR. JOHN HOBHOUSE, AND THE HON. PENELOPE MILLS



MISS PAMELA LLOYD THOMAS WITH COUNT RONALD CLARY

AFTER DANCING TOGETHER
LORD AND LADY RONMILLY

Among the many Coronation Balls lately given to help good causes, the one staged at Overseas House, St. James's, for the benefit of the Sunninita Fine Hospital for Women, more than held its own. Lord Manners, whose Hampshire place, Avon Tyrrell, has such enviable salmon fishing and covert shooting attached, is Treasurer of this Hospital and a keenly interested one, so the success of the £ s. d. side of the Ball went splendidly with him. Many very good-lookers were on view; one was Mrs. Theron, who enjoyed standing to a lightning caricaturist; another was the Hon. Mrs. George Bellew, the former Miss Ursula Cull, whose flowered frock was summy and becoming. A third pretty wearer of a pretty frock was Miss Pamela Lloyd Thomas, ever with her mother from Paris, where her father, Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, is British Minister. The Hon. Mrs. Lloyd Thomas and the Hon. Mrs. Domville are Lord Bellew's sisters, and the Hon. George Bellew is his half-brother. Lord and Lady Hilingdon's daughter, the Hon. Penelope Mills, is a contemporary of Miss Pamela Lloyd Thomas, and they both came out last year. Lady Romilly, who wore an attractive green frock, was the Hon. Diana Sackville-West before her marriage. Major the Hon. Herbrand Alexander, a breeder of the now so fashionable Welsh Corgis, is Lord Caledon's brother.



CAROLE LOMBARD'S NEWEST NIGHTGOWN

This beautiful garment, in which the famous Paramount star is seen, has the advantage of being equally suitable for either slumbering in or going to a dinner party. The picture was taken in Carole Lombard's private house in Hollywood. London has recently seen her in *Swing High, Swing Low* at the Plaza, and now she is busy on another picture for Paramount with Fred MacMurray, and the title is stated to be *Through Confession*.

THE ten-year-old *Seventh Heaven* now reappears at the Gaumont as a talkie with two new principals and nothing else perceptibly new about it. It remains the welter of love among the chimney pots, active telepathy, squalor, charm, war fever and war horror, brag and gush, sheer silliness, sticky tunes, and all-enveloping sentimentality, that it always was. Yet it has an undoubted effectiveness, and probably always will have. "How potent cheap music is!" exclaims one of Mr. Coward's sophisticated lovers on hearing some cheap-scented ditty with earlier associations. How potent is this unashamed romance of Chico, the boastful sewerman, and Diane, the pure little Parisienne whose sister has belted her all the way out of her tolerated house and into the streets as far as the sewer! The two, it will be remembered, pretend to be married to avoid the girl's arrest by the police, and repair to Chico's lofty garret, which young love makes a rose-coloured Heaven and which still has that vista of other attics and chimney-pots, strings of washing, and the distant church on the highest point of Montmartre. You would think, wouldn't you, that some of the thousands made on this film might now have been spent in perfecting it? In most respects it was always a well-arranged affair. The war scenes, though slight, were sufficient, the hospital episodes were admirable, the washing on the line was genuine washing. But that distant church, seen half a dozen times at least, was always patently cardboard, and it remains so. It is almost as if the general and crowd shots of the old film had simply been used up again, and new photography directed only towards the new Chico and Diane, James Stewart and Simone Simon. Can Hollywood be turning economical? And how appalling it would be if, by some error of admission, we had suddenly been switched over from some café scene or street scene with that flimsy church at the back of it to the vast prospect of Janet Gaynor's face looking up with an April smile at the delicate virility of Charles Farrell's nose! One hastens to say that this does not happen, merely pointing out that film-renovators must run such risks. As it is, the film is now just as well acted in pretty much the same way. Mr.

THE CINEMA

A Paradise For Two

By ALAN DENT

Stewart has a little less brag and a lot more shame at being tricked into a love-match. Miss Simon, with her childish and extraordinarily touching beauty, easily achieves pathos, though she has no voice above a loud whisper to help her. The one alteration in the story is that it is Diane, not Chico, who makes her way through Paris's Armistice crowd to regain her Heaven and her blinded man. In the old film Chico had to grope his way from one end of Paris to the other, knowing the direction by instinct. That was always both painful and impossible, and the new ending, whereby Chico just is in the garret when Diane pantingly arrives, is much less painful, though not very much more likely.

The reader may enquire whether we are not now looking too closely into *Seventh Heaven*, even if it has been rejuvenated. Is Chico to continue being so remarkable a fellow? Is that attic any distance at all above the seamy six floors beneath? Would the French police refrain from arresting the girl the moment it was said that she had married her rescuer? Would they, when they called to see her marriage-lines, be amiably satisfied by the fact that she had just made her bed and, instead of lying on it, was now preparing some onion-soup for her hungry sewerman? These things are all very well, and it is dead easy to give scoffing answers. But the fact remains that there has always been a glint of sincerity about this picture which may keep it alive when thousands of others like it have vanished into that deepest and darkest of all limbos, the limbo of the film.

Turning from this sweet morass to consideration of *Der Ammenkönig* at Studio One, we are immediately struck by the fact that here the Germans are made out to be cynical and sensible about love, whereas in *Seventh Heaven* the French are supposed to be illogically sentimental. This must be regarded as a most blatant contradiction of fact, until we note that the period of the German film is the eighteenth century, an age which was reason itself everywhere in matters of the heart and many other things, and that the period and origin of the other is twentieth-century Hollywood. *Der Ammenkönig* tells how Neubronn in the Duchy of Heinrichsburg, a village famed for its Guild of nursing mothers, went in revolt against a burdensome marriage-tax. And how Hans Stork, the village blacksmith, and "King" of this Guild, defied the marriage laws, scandalised the Minister of Morality, and finally revolutionised the entire Court. All this is done with what programmes in these cases always call "healthy zestful fun." As pointer to the entertainment it should be said, too, that the Duke is senile and has a lovely Duchess, that Hans becomes for a space a guardsman at the Palace, that there is a divertissement in the form of a play about Catherine the Great, that the old Duke goes off to bathe in a health-giving spring in the heart of a forest, and that in due time and to universal rejoicing a son and heir is born to the Duchy. We are not left in doubt as to whether this was a result of the rehearsal or the ablation, since the Duke does not seem to mind either way, it follows that nobody else does. All the translateable parts of the dialogue are translated, so that if you have a little German you can take somebody with you who has none and giggle very convincingly at everything you do not understand. The country scenes are delightful, the many young nursemaids look as brightly spick and span as Mr. T. S. Eliot's Women of Canterbury, and the acting in general is on an unusually high plane, even for a German film. The grace and charm of its period are winningly conveyed. Gustav Knuth is perhaps a shade too mature a giant for Stork, looking a bare fifteen years younger than the normal Walther or Siegfried at Covent Garden. But Richard Romanowsky, who plays the old Duke, is a nimble and rich comedian in the best Molière vein. The music accompanying this film is gallant, gay and strictly limited—unlike that of *Seventh Heaven*, which is unending, morose and adhesive. But then I have just come to the conclusion, after all, that that Montmartre caboodle is a feeble, whimpering thing altogether! One feels that if Diane and Chico ever did have a baby it would be a feeble, whimpering little thing as well, and quite unlike the lusty infant that roars with laughter at the end of that German tale of a Stork.



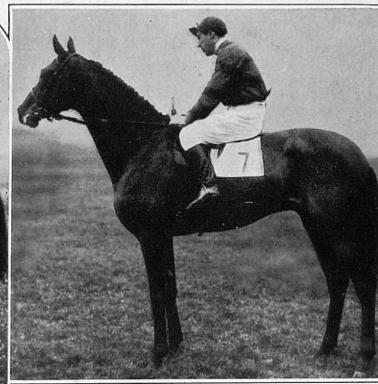
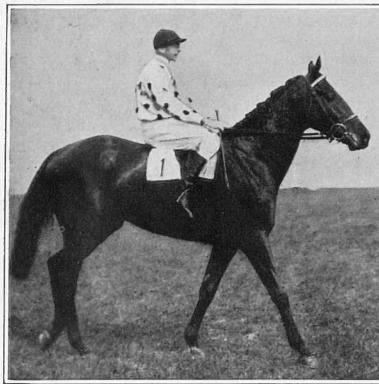
MRS. WALLIS WARFIELD

WHO TO-MORROW BECOMES THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

The marriage of H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor to Mrs. Wallis Warfield takes place to-morrow, June 3, at the Chateau de Candé, Monts, Tours. The official list of invited guests is as follows: Sir Walter Monckton, K.C., Attorney-General of the Duchy of Cornwall; Lady Selby, wife of Sir Walford Selby, British Minister in Vienna; Major E. D. and Lady Alexandra Metcalfe, Major Metcalfe is to be H.R.H.'s best man; Baron and Baroness Eugene de Rothschild, who were recently the hosts of the Duke of Windsor at Castle Enzesfeld, Austria; Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bedaux, the Duke's present hosts at the Chateau de Candé; Mr. and Mrs. Herman Rogers; Mr. A. G. Allen, of Messrs. Allen and Overby, the Duke's solicitors; Mr. Dudley Forwood, the Duke's Equerry; Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, British Minister in Paris, an old friend of the Royal bridegroom; Mrs. Buchanan Merryman, aunt of the bride; and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Graham. Mr. W. C. Graham is a British Consular official, who has been stationed at Nantes since 1932.

Racing Ragout

By "GUARDRAIL"



PROMINENT CANDIDATES FOR THE DERBY TO-DAY

MR. W. WOODWARD'S "PERIFOX"

TO-DAY is Derby Day, and as such it follows that every right-minded person must have a bet, despite the fact that it would be easier to pick the winner of the three-year-old maiden selling handicap at Lincoln before the weights were published than this year's Derby winner. What madness it is. Only about two of them have been seen out over the distance; the rest have either run deplorably or been all together in a heap, and about half of them have been under clouds from various causes. Writing this the Wednesday before the race, I see that Perifox worked well and pulled up O.K., while Gainsboro' Lass went the best of Jack Jarvis's. Little has been heard of Goya II, but his form is as good as most of the others. Cash Book was too close to all the others in his race, and Lord Astor has a hoodoo on his Derby horses. Solfo is a fine individual, but not my idea of a classic horse, though I understand he is very much fancied. Renardo, out of the same stable, is thought to have a great chance by his jockey, and the best-looking horse in the race is Fairford, who is improving, but not quickly enough. Le Ksar smothered everything in the Guineas, and though he may not be the best horse in France, he may still be good enough to beat all of ours. To sum the thing up without any confidence, I should take Perifox to win, believing that he has great speed as well as getting the trip. For places I should take Le Ksar and Goya or Gainsboro' Lass. The latter may be sacrificing substance for shadow by running in the Derby instead of the Oaks, but perhaps she will run in, and win, both.

Last Monday racing was at Ally Pally, and while Saturday racing there is usually a gift for punters, the Mondays always seem to be bad. The biggest blow of the lot to most was the first defeat of Hesitate, who, running in the bog in the middle of the course was beaten by Brackendale, starting at 25 to 1 with the books, and 200 to 1 with the tote, and running on the higher ground. The delighted owner, who didn't know it was even running, heard the glad tidings in the news summary at 6.15 on his car wireless while motoring in Yorkshire. There was bad news on the course, Night Song, that charming grey filly of Jock Whitney's, hav-

M. M. BOUSSAC'S "GOYA II"



LORD DERBY'S "SNOWFALL"



MR. MARSHALL FIELD'S "FORAY"



SIR LAWRENCE PHILIPPS' "THE HOUR"

H.H. THE AGA KHAN'S "LE GRAND DUC"

ing decanted her boy and galloped head on into a motor lorry on the Bury Road. She was so badly damaged she had to be destroyed.

Following A.P. is York, the best-run meeting in England, where the public, the trainers, the horses, and even the owners, are admirably catered for. I understand no dividends are taken out of the course, and if this can account for no race being of less value than £400, and skitts of races being worth £1,000 and over, while the charge for the three days on the members is but £3, then it looks as though most other courses could do us a great deal better and cheaper. Whether it is that the British racehorse is well on the down grade I don't know, but the class of horse competing for these good stakes struck me on the whole as being remarkably bad, though not quite so bad as the Chester Cup field, which was the worst for a £2,000 race I've ever seen.

Not long ago I made some remarks in these columns anent the Brown Riband of Germany, in which I said I understood that not more than 50 Marks could be taken out of the country. As this is the law of that land, and no mention was made of any waiving of it in the Calendar, I think the assumption was fair. I am, however, in receipt of a booklet from the Clerk of the Course (his full title in German cannot be inserted in such a short article), in which I find I am wrong, that a dispensation has been made in this case. It's no end of a "do" that they have, too, from July 24 to August 4, with all exes. paid for man and beast. The course looks admirable from the photos, and everything appears to be done slap up. Show jumping they have, too, but the item which interests me most is "The Night of the Amazons," a festival in Nymphenburg Park. To quote from the brochure: "What was laid out in the old days as a space for revelries will be the scene of Bacchantic games. What in the rococo age of the powdered wig and hoop-petticoat was nothing but a playful eccentric groping after Nature is to become a living frame-work for healthy delight in enticing, merry games, and high horsemanship. Dryads will come to life, Pan will trail through the park, followed by the Amazons in light, classical garb, untamed and noble like goddesses, and

(Continued on p. xxxii)

AT YORK RACES



MR. AND LADY IRENE CRAWFURD



MR. J. M. ASKEW, MISS LANE-FOX AND LADY SUSAN ASKEW



LORD AND LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE



MRS. LANE-FOX AND MRS. H. STOBART



MR. AND MRS. PHILIP DUNNE



MRS. ROBIN GROSVENOR AND LADY MANTON

All of the above were at York for "the sports" on the day when Pike Barn won the Flying Dutchman Plate and, with Thankerton in the Loddesborough, was one of the only two favourites that scored. Lady Irene Crawfurd is Lord Camden's elder daughter; she was recently married to Mr. C. C. Crawfurd. Lady Susan Askew is Lord Ellesmere's fourth daughter; she married Mr. Askew, who was formerly in the Grenadiers, in 1933. Lord Willoughby de Broke was a 17th/21st Lancer and was formerly Master of the Warwickshire, the "family pack." His wife, whom he married in 1933, was Miss Rachel Wrey. Lane-Fox is a name to conjure with in Yorkshire hunting circles, and two representatives of the family are seen on this page. Mr. Philip Dunne used to be Joint-Master of the Warwickshire with Lord Willoughby de Broke; he is an owner on the Turf, and his wife shares his racing enthusiasm



LORD COTTENHAM

Whose just-published and very entertaining travel book, "Mine Host in America," is the personal diary of his recent visit to America. Lord Cottenham, famous motorist and an authority on aviation, is now acting as adviser to the Metropolitan Police driving school, as well as writing the biography of the late Sir Henry Segrave, to whom he was reserve driver in the British Grand Prix

appeal is nearly always to that side of us which still trails clouds of what, in later life, looks singularly unlike glory. That Cinderella story, which usually is the foundation of most tales of fiction, doesn't hold good when it is compared to Life. Life nearly always writes a fourth and fifth act, and so that period in our existence which may perhaps be compared to the story of Cinderella has to be cut out, so to speak, from the rest and treasured as a piece in the heart's museum. Metaphorically speaking, the Prince lived to become a bore, or ceased in our eyes to look in the least bit like a "Prince." Cinderella "plucked her eyebrows" and snored. But some people are always living either in their heart's museum or seeking to plant on an actual "father" the thoughts which are the offspring of wishes. And the majority of novels are simply so many panderings to this wish-fulfilment. That is why the hero and heroine are always so charming, the villains get their desert, and the subsidiary characters, who have no great part in the main theme, are usually more lifelike than all the rest put together. The author is not painting a pretty picture with them. Consequently, when they are not sheer caricatures—they *live*!

But biography is about a part of real things which actually happened. I write "part" because nobody can tell all the story. He cannot know it all himself. Our outlook changes from year to year; often from hour to hour. If we could meet ourselves—when young we should certainly meet a "stranger" whose only appeal to us would be a certain pathetic helplessness. He didn't know what was coming to him, and he could only have avoided it if he had known. He would look to us rather like a

Board-School Life.

THE older we grow, the more biographies appeal to us and novels hold less and less interest. Life, as a rule, is so much more enthralling than fiction. One lives to see through the illusions which make novels the most popular form of literature among the un-contemplative. The majority of people grow old without growing up; which makes fiction such a "palying" proposition. Its

sleep-walker who imagined himself fully awake. And in that respect, perhaps, we should still resemble him. For one of the most disconcerting aspects of life is that we are always waking up—we who imagined that we had been wide awake all the time! 'Alas that awakenings should be so often a sad prelude to a greater wisdom!' No wonder so many people spend their lives trying to go to sleep again. Hence the popularity of "manufactured" fiction, and its kindred quality of pleasant self-deception. Biographies, however, do at least tell us the outward incidents of a real story, even if the inward can never be truthfully told. Autobiographies try to tell the latter, it is true, but it is only a half-truth. Were you to write your life-story at twenty, and re-write it again at forty, it would seem like two different aspects of the same case. And at sixty it would be differently told again. While at seventy the tragic parts might easily have become quite humorous and the humorous parts pathetically rather silly. So what are we to do about it when To-day seems so true—which To-morrow will certainly modify, it not contradict? Probably it is better to tell only one part—since the whole is so unwieldy.

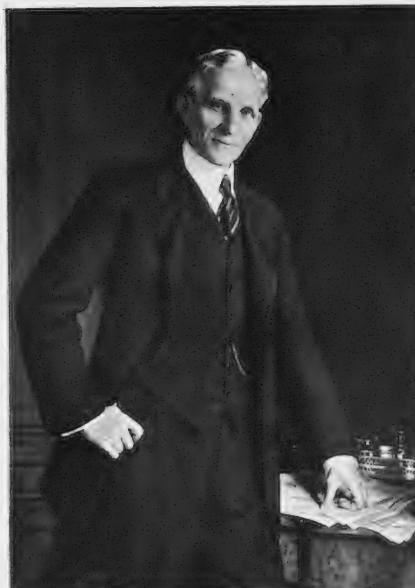
Like, for example, "Mark Grossek" has done in "First Movement" (Bles; 9s). The name "Mark Grossek" is, so the publishers inform us, the *nom de guerre* of a "well-known figure in the literary world." The pseudonym, however, seems rather unnecessary; since not many "well-known figures in the literary world" can have a father who "came from the banks of the Warta" and a mother "from the shore of the Danube," in order that I might first see the light of day hard by the Thames" without being easily "discovered." However, that is beside the point, perhaps. What is important is that the author has told the story of his childhood and youth in a way which makes what might easily have been unexciting as enthralling as life itself. You see, he was born of poor Jewish parents (his father sewed clothes for a West End tailor; his mother took in lodgers); he spent his life in Southwark; he attended a board-school, eventually winning scholarship after scholarship, until at last they allowed him to write "B.A.Hons., London" after his name. Now that, on the face of it, is not the kind of autobiography which need necessarily enthrall readers, estimable though it may be as a living example for all ambitious boys born into poverty, albeit with brains much above the average. Nevertheless, this autobiography is intensely interesting, not only because it deals with a side of life unusual in autobiography, but because Mr. Grossek has made everything and everybody in it so actual. Not only is it a real story about real events and real people, but both people and events appear as real in this book as they must have appeared to the writer himself when actually they belonged to the To-day of his life.

The schoolmasters, his fellow-pupils, his home life, the outlook of a poor Jewish boy in a Gentile London, his hours of work and play—the picture is as vivid as if you had been able to paint it yourself from your own memory. And this is very remarkable, because the subject is not the kind of subject which would be likely to interest many people, unless they belonged to that small group for which any side of life is exciting. The same theme might have been written with a tinge of propaganda or self-glorification, or even politics. There isn't, however, a tinge of any of these things in this book.

(Continued on page 428)

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING



AS MARGARET LINDSAY WILLIAMS SEES HIM:
MR. HENRY FORD

A most interesting exhibition of pictures by Margaret Lindsay Williams opened last week at the Raeburn Gallery, 83, Piccadilly. Two portraits which were reproduced in our Coronation Number are on view there. One—lent by her Majesty—is the delightful portrait of the Queen which comes from Princess Elizabeth's little house; the other is the equally engaging portrait of Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. That Margaret Lindsay Williams can paint men with the same facility is shown by the forceful representation of a world-famous figure shown above. This picture was lent by the Ford Motor Company to the Exhibition, which is proving a very big draw

*Sheaht, New Bond Street***H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE AND THE EARL OF ATHLONE, K.G., P.C., G.C.B.**

The Earl of Athlone is the third son of H.H. the late Duke of Teck and brother to H.M. Queen Mary. He was formerly a Major and Brevet Colonel in the Life Guards (of which he is now Colonel), but he saw active service in Matabeleland with the 7th Hussars in 1896 and in S. Africa with the 6th Dragoons. From 1923 to 1931 he was Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, an appointment in which both he and Princess Alice won very wide and deep affection and respect. H.R.H. Princess Alice is a daughter of H.R.H. the late Duke of Albany, the fourth son of Queen Victoria. Their daughter, Lady May Cambridge, married, in 1931, Major Henry Abel Smith, Royal Horse Guards

WITH SILENT FRIENDS--continued

It is simply the vivid story of a boy's life, who took eagerly every advantage which came his way, made the best of it—or at least some use of it—and worked his way up from small beginnings, and with scant encouragement from anything or anybody—except his own desire to acquire learning and better his future prospects. And, as I wrote above, you meet living people in the book: I mean, people who come actually to life in its pages. Not a dull chapter nor a boring paragraph. And if you wish to smile, read the chapter in which the author describes the visit which he and his father paid to the latter's ancestral home in Russia, and make the acquaintance of the two uncles who had stayed "put" and the other one who had so far progressed in the world as to have become Rabbi of Krahwinkel. The account brings to an end a brief chapter-in-autobiography; brief so far as years go, but comprehensive in character-drawing and that unusual quality which can make outwardly not very important things and people as interesting and mentally exciting as if it dealt with high adventure and the world's panjandrums. I enjoyed it thoroughly from beginning to end.

Life in a Girls' Day-School.

I have often asked people if they would sooner work among a lot of women or a lot of men, and they have invariably voted for men. Men, they say, may be tiresome or mean or philandering, but all these three vices put together are easier to circumvent than the petty jealousy, the petty rivalries, the desire to domineer, and the endless gossip which tinge with perpetual small-thunder a solely feminine atmosphere. Miss Marjorie Hassett's new novel, "Educating Elizabeth" (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), is another proof of this. At the early age of thirty-six, Dr. Elizabeth Hillary becomes headmistress of a grim day-school for girls in Scotland. Especially being English—but any other nationality, or, indeed, any kind of person, would have done as well—she became the butt of all the petty jealousies by which women work off their spleen among other women. Most formidable of all, however, was Miss Dinwiddie, the first assistant. The pivot around which all the turmoil centres, however, is the new staff-room which Elizabeth obtains from Sir Hector Bulloch, Director of Education. She obtained it by feminine craftiness. She even pretended to flirt with him! That was enough to believe the worst of their relationship among the other members of the staff, who, finding nobody willing even to flirt with them, despise such games—if merely a "game," according to them, it ever be. The change from a staff-room in a basement to one which was bright and sunny may have been for the benefit of all; but it is not the thing done, but who did it which arouses feminine spite. And Elizabeth was so much more attractive than the rest. Quite the wrong person, therefore, to have accomplished such a reform.

So, led by the dauntless Miss Dinwiddie, a whole number of pin-pricks, of petty annoyances, accompany the greater "blessing." These failing to penetrate Elizabeth's spirited defence, the more subtle form of slander is brought in and eagerly welcomed. Slander is much more difficult to defy. Rumours of Elizabeth's supposed relations with Sir Hector are whispered and joyfully listened to. In the end, however, the offer of a better post elsewhere provides a happy

ending when a complete rout of the school-marms appears impossible. Well, it might have been rather an unpleasant story, but it isn't. It is amusing. Miss Hassett has drawn the characters of her women-folks with an unerring and sly sense of their shortcomings as segregated women. Their perpetual interest in their immediate surroundings, however trivial; their everlasting vigil over the little world which surrounds them, with sex predominant. But she hasn't made a dour picture of it; rather a lively one. You are amused by her characters, while at the same time yearning to run them round with a pitchfork! But then, one's inner reaction towards so many people is exactly like that!

A Really Good Rumpus.

"*The Mystery of the Blue Inns*" (Longmans; 7s. 6d.), by Brigadier Edward Anstey, is one of those blow-up-the-whole-of-Europe thrillers. We are not concerned in it about one mere body. There isn't a body, in fact: there's a whole nation. And the nation is England. A group of

people in Germany believe Hitler to be far too lamb-like to lead anything but lambs. The best person to drive lambs is a good, fierce wolf. And England must be first led to the slaughter. In order to subdue her, packets of a new explosive are to be placed in certain vital positions, beginning with the Houses of Parliament and going off "bang" elsewhere at the same moment. Then, having blown the more strategic positions to bits, Germany is to demand the islands of Orkney and Shetland, the return of all the ex-German colonies, half the Fleet, and any other advantage which comes to mind at the moment. A leader of this traitorous scheme is Sir F. Tiffie, once carrying a German name, who owns tied houses all over England. On the map in his possession all these inns are marked blue or red, according to their importance for offence. And the worst might have indeed happened had not Captain Joe Boyle chanced to see one of these maps, when his suspicions were immediately aroused. And he is one of those real heroes who have only to have their suspicions aroused in order to frustrate the whole of Hell-let-loose. And Captain Joe does frustrate Hell eventually. His exploits would be incredulous were he not such a hero; and for heroes the well-nigh impossible is all in a day's glory.

In the end, of course, the whole diabolical plot is frustrated, and moreover, the gallant Captain has been able to throw in a good wooring of his enemy's secretary just to prove how easy it is—for a hero.

Much enjoyment, I feel, was experienced by Cora Jarrett when she was writing "*Strange Houses*" (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.), a melodramatic tale of unmitigated and most entertaining horror. It is sensational to the nth degree and a little bit over. Miriam, the wife of Rodney Breen, disappears. He receives a telephone call from an hotel. It is from his wife. He goes there. She makes him sit with his back towards her. Then she proceeds to tell him of the most intimate and disturbing details of her life with him. No one else could possibly know them. But her voice is different, and when he turns round, tears off her veil, there stands before him an unknown woman! That is only the beginning, however, and what follows is such an accumulation of sustained excitement that even though you don't believe it, you will gladly go on reading. In fact, you won't be able to help yourself. It is that kind of story.



LADY JOAN BICKERTON

The engagement of the Earl of Shrewsbury's youngest sister, the former Lady Joan Chetwynd-Talbot, to Mr. Francis Howard Bickerton, was announced early in May and the wedding took place recently. Lady Winifred Pennoyer, the bride's mother, was the widow of the late Lord Ingestre, when she married Mr. Richard Pennoyer in 1917. Lord Ingestre predeceased his father, the late Earl of Shrewsbury. Lady Joan Bickerton is a godchild of Queen Mary and the late King George V.

EIGHTS WEEK AT OXFORD



PRINCE FRANZ JOSEPH HOHENLOHE WITH ONE OR TWO FILM STARS

AND TRANSPORTING HIS MOTHER,
PRINCESS STEPHANIE HOHENLOHE.
(LEFT) COUNT WORACZICZKYMISS MARGARET STANLEY-WRENCH,
THE NEWDIGATE WINNERPRINCE CHICHIBU AND MR. C. S. GORDON
(PRESIDENT OF MAGDALEN)PRINCE GEORGE GALITZINE AND SOME
LINCOLN IVY BEER

A good time is had by all in Oxford Eights week, bar, that is, the Eights themselves, who are supposed to be in strict training and may not even look at a flagon of Lincoln Ivy beer, which Brasenose undergraduates are invited to drink once a year (only). It is steeped in ground ivy and reputed to be not half as good as "brewing house" beer. Prince Galitzine does not look amazingly thirsty; but, after all, orders is orders. Prince Franz Joseph Hohenlohe, who is up at Magdalen, is a rabid film-fan, as may perhaps be suspected. His first favourites are Gloria Swanson and Charlie Chaplin—a good double. In the right-hand top picture he is seen doing a strong man act, carrying his mother, the Princess Stephanie. Count Woracziczky, who forms the audience, is Hungarian Minister in Brussels. The Newdigate winner, Miss Margaret Stanley-Wrench, is up at Somerville. The subject was "The Man in the Moon," who has never been similarly honoured before by a lady poet. The winner is the daughter of Mrs. Mollie Stanley-Wrench, the well-known author and journalist. Prince Chichibu used to be up at Magdalen and was snapshotted on the college barge on the Isis during the racing

CONCERNING GOLF

By HENRY LONGHURST



THE HON. MRS. SOMERSET
MAXWELL IN THE LADIES'
PARLIAMENTARY GOLF
TOURNAMENT

The Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. played off their Spring Tournament at Addington, and in the second round the Hon. Mrs. Somerset Maxwell, a daughter of the late Captain Marshall Roberts, a former Master of the Belvoir, beat Miss P. Saunderson 2 and 1

to do so. Such a decision comes like a breath of fresh air after all the nonsense of the past week or two.

Miss Fishwick, despite an almost precocious rise to the top of the tree, never lost her sense of proportion with regard to sport and its true value. She has always been prepared to take the game with a smile, even to laugh at her own efforts—than which I can think of no higher praise.

The new Southend tournament was, literally, a wash-out (a colleague of mine suggested that it proved, if nothing else, that Southend was, in fact, a watering-place); but it is to be hoped that the people who worked so hard and so willingly to organise it, together with Mr. A. J. Pryor, the captain of Thorpe Hall, and the local Corporation, who with them guaranteed the money, will not allow their natural disappointment to prevent their giving it another run next year.

Their extraordinarily generous treatment of the players on this occasion should at least assure that nearly all of them, if only in gratitude, will turn up and give a show when the final day's play takes place in September. When the tournament was finally abandoned, it will be remembered, they gave every man who had qualified an extra five pounds for his trouble. All those who play the last two rounds later will receive in addition the six pounds which was normally

the reward for qualifying. Thus, despite its inauspicious start, Mr. Pryor and the Corporation have already allowed the tournament to cost them an additional £300.

Henry Cotton, after two years of comparative docility, was once again the central figure of a Press "sensation" when he let it be known that there was every chance of his coming back from lunch late enough deliberately to disqualify himself. He turned up at the appointed time, however, thus somewhat killing the story, but was in the news again in the evening, when he announced that he would "allow his name to be included in the draw for the morrow, but would make his decision in the morning." Occasion to make the said decision did not arise, as it rained all night, and when morning came the course was once again like a sailing pond.

Despite the, to say the least of it, unusual conditions, the irrepressible Pat Mahon put in another of his sixty-sevens and led the field with a total of 139, which you would have agreed, had you seen the course, to be a truly remarkable score. He will now presumably be the first man in the history of golf to hold the lead in a major tournament for a matter of four months.

We are just embarking, as I write, on the Amateur Championship at Sandwich, and once more the liquid element is well to the fore. The bunkers are full and a night's rain would—well, we do not like to think about it. One distinguished member of the club is contemplating inserting a motion in the suggestion book that "the water in the bunkers be changed"! He thinks it has been there too long and is getting insanitary.

Much innocent fun has been derived from the efforts of General Critchley to arrive on the course in time for his match, due to start at 1.24 p.m., with Colonel Moore-Brabazon. The gallant General, returning post-haste from the United States, lowered himself from the *Normandie* into a speed-boat and rushed to Southampton airport. After a quarter of an hour's search for the pilot, he reached a point some 500 feet above the first tee with about twenty minutes to spare; but, alas! by the time he had landed at Manton and motored

back he was exactly three minutes late and had been disqualified. A cruel end to a dramatic performance that deserved a better fate.

Finally, a word of congratulation to D. H. R. Martin and Charles Stowe for their victories in the St. George's Vase and Prince of Wales's Cup respectively. On days when the best of them were taking their eighties, their scores were 144 and 148. No mean performance in a raging gale!



MISS CRADOCK-HARTOPP AND LADY
SOMERLEYTON

Another snapshot at Addington last week. Miss Cradock-Hartopp beat Lady Somerleyton 3 and 2 in the second round and they were snapshotted as they went out for their battle



THE HON. MRS. CECIL LOMAX:
ANOTHER SNAPSHOT AT
ADDINGTON

The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax lost to Mrs. D. Hill-Wood 3 and 2 in the second round of the Ladies' Parliamentary G.A. tournament last week. The Hon. Mrs. Cecil Lomax is the third of Lord and Lady Hampden's four daughters, and married Mr. Cecil Lomax, formerly 9th Lancers, in 1935.

GOLF CLUBS AND GOLFERS



THE LIGHT INFANTRY CLUB GOLFING SOCIETY—BY "MEL"

The Light Infantry Club was formed in 1933 and includes the seven Light Infantry regiments, the Somerset, the Duke of Cornwall's, the Oxfordshire, the King's Own Yorkshire, the King's Shropshire, the Durham and the Highland Light Infantry. The Club exists to foster all kinds of sport—this year saw its first point-to-point. The golf meetings started in 1934 and have been remarkably successful: the Club's annual dinners are also a great feature and very strongly attended. The careers of some of these regiments are varied and interesting: the Somerset, in particular, received something of a shock to their systems in Spain when the Earl of Peterborough came to inspect them one day and announced that they were to become dragoons "with effect from to-day's date." Six hundred horses, fully accoutred, were led from behind a hill and the regiment mounted. They did very well as cavalry, too!

(NEXT WEEK: GORING HALL G.C., ANGRERING)

NOTABLE SUPPORTERS OF THE BIG BEN BALL



MR. JOHN RAMSDEN, SIR JOHN RAMSDEN'S SON,
WITH LADY WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY



LORD CRAIGAVON, PRIME MINISTER OF NORTHERN IRELAND,
MRS. STANLEY BALDWIN AND SIR ROBERT HORNE



LADY LOUTH, FROM COUNTY LOUTH, LADY CRAIG
AND SIR GORDON CRAIG, THE FILM MAGNATE



LADY CATHERINE RAMSDEN, COLONEL NUGENT AND THE
HON. ESMÉ GLYN, LORD WOLVERTON'S YOUNGER SISTER



LADY BUCKINGHAM AND MR. CHARLES
DOUGHTY, K.C., JOIN THE DANCERS



THE EARL OF ANCASTER HAD MISS
NUGENT ON HIS LEFT AT SUPPER

The Big Ben Ball, held last week at Grosvenor House, was concerned with the political news-reel from the party point of view; in other words, it was in aid of the Conservative and Unionist Films Association. Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, making one of her last public appearances as Premier's wife and also as Mrs. Stanley Baldwin, gave away prizes during the evening; she was in great heart and great conversational request. Lord and Lady Craigavon and Sir Robert Horne—a Coronation Peer—also had supper with the Ball Chairman, the Hon. Lady Davidson. Lord Ancaster's big party included his son-in-law and daughter, Mr. John and Lady Catherine Ramsden, and his son and daughter-in-law, Lord and Lady Willoughby de Eresby.



Tunbridge, New Bond Street

LORD AND LADY CADOGAN AND THEIR SON

Though they have only had the pleasure of his acquaintance for a few weeks, it is easy to see that the parents of Charles Gerald John, Viscount Chelsea already think a good deal of him, and when they celebrate the first anniversary of their wedding, on June 11th, he will certainly be one of the centres of attraction. The seventh Earl Cadogan, senior Joint-Master of the V.W.H. (Cricklade), Hereditary Trustee of the British Museum, and a subaltern in the Coldstream Guards Supplementary Reserve, won the Brigade of Guards Inter-regimental Cup last year, riding his own horse. Lady Cadogan, whose brother, Lord Churston, bore one of the King's Golden Spurs at the Coronation, is not yet nineteen



SIR REGINALD AND LADY LEEDS
CAME DOWN FROM LONDON

DANCING ABOARD H.M.S. CURLEW

Captain J. A. V. Morse, R.N., throws a party



THE LAST TO LEAVE: SURG. LT.-COMDR. L. D. NELSON, WITH CAPTAIN AND MRS. NOEL HUMPHREYS AND MR. AND MRS. STOBO



CAPTAIN J. A. V. MORSE, R.N., AND MRS. MORSE (HOST AND HOSTESS),
MAJOR AND MRS. P. R. MARGETSON AND CAPTAIN A. D. G. ORR

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD
EVANS AND MRS. PEARCE

Shortly after bringing the light cruiser, H.M.S. *Curlew*, (Reserve Fleet) back to Chatham from the Naval Review, Captain J. A. V. Morse gave a dance aboard her for the benefit of his daughter, Miss Jane Morse. The C-in-C. the Nore, Admiral Sir Edward Evans ("Evans of the *Broke*") came to this good party and is seen above at supper in the Captain's cabin. Sir Reginald Leeds, now a stockbroker, was at one time in the Senior Service and also served in the R.A.F.



MISS JANE MORSE DANCING
WITH LIEUT. FORBES, R.N.

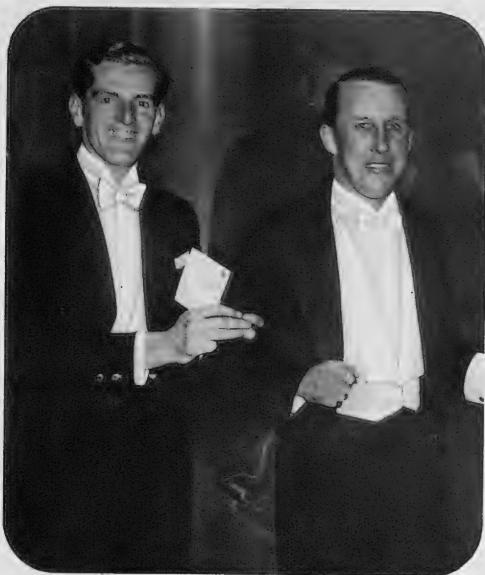


MISS DIANA RALLI, MR. "KIT" NICHOLSON, COMMANDER
A. BOWMAN, MRS. MARGETSON AND SIR STEPHEN TALLENTS



MRS. H. S. W. IREMONGER WITH
CAPTAIN GEOFFREY WATKINS, R.N.

The Senior Officer, Reserve Fleet, the Nore, is seen in the photograph immediately above; Captain Geoffrey Watkins commands H.M.S. *Cardiff*, which was recommissioned in 1933 and is equal in tonnage to H.M.S. *Curlew*, though carrying heavier guns. *Curlew*, recommissioned in 1936 and now Tender to *Cardiff*, has Commander A. Bowman as her Commander and Captain Noel Humphreys as O.C. Marines. Lieut. Forbes, photographed when dancing with the charming cause of the party, is also in H.M.S. *Curlew*. Miss Diana Ralli is Sir Strati Ralli's elder daughter, and Major P. R. Margetson is a Chief Constable of London. Sir Stephen Tallents controls the B.B.C. public relations department



MR. C. DE B. DE LISLE AND MR. P. PAYNE-GALLWEY,
BOTH 11th HUSSARS



MR. J. F. C. MELLOR (80th), MISS NITA MELLOR, MR. G. H. F. P. VERE-LAURIE (9th L.), MISS ANNE HOPE AND MR. W. K. C. PULTENEY (9th L.)



Photos.: Truman Howell
THE HON. MRS. SMITH, MAJOR FIRBANK (LATE LIFE GUARDS),
MRS. H. J. D. CLARK AND LT.-COL. H. J. D. CLARK (C.O. 1st A. AND S.H.)



MRS. A. M. HORSBRUGH-PORTER AND CAPTAIN
AND MRS. R. H. B. ARKWRIGHT (ALL 12th L.)

The Tidworth Polo Ball, which happened on the first day of the Southern Command Horse Show, is about the only polo ball that has been kept rolling with success, owing to this pestilent rain. All the horse soldiers in the 2nd Cavalry Brigade, and some who are not, backed it up really well, and there is not a word of a lie in saying a good time was had by all. The 11th Hussars, two of whose officers are in the top picture, were put out in the Inter-Regimental in Cairo by the 7th Hussars. Mr. Payne-Gallwey, the well-known G.R., has made a wonderful recovery from the smashing bad fall he had early in the season, and is virtually all right. None of the 10th Hussars' polo team are in their group. Many people think the regiment will have a big say in this year's Inter-Regimental at Hurlingham. The 12th Lancers are the holders, and Mrs. Horsbrugh-Porter is the wife of their regimental back

(ON RIGHT) MISS CRUIKSHANK, MR. N. D. CHARRINGTON, CAPTAIN C. D. MILLER, MRS. MILLER AND MR. M. P. D. CRUIKSHANK (ALL 10th H.)



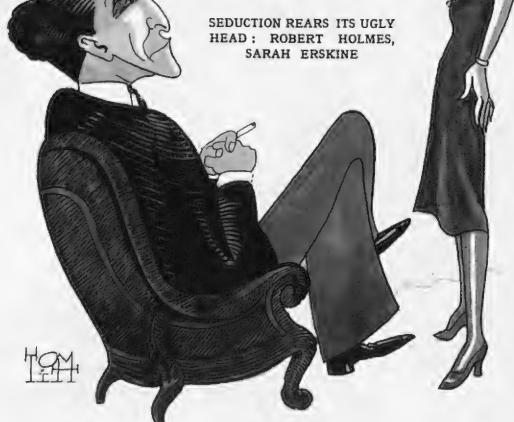
ENTERTAINMENTS à la CARTE

By ALAN BOTT

Humour and Heartache



(ABOVE) LAURA COWIE:
A GIRL'S WORST FRIEND
IS HER DRUNKEN MOTHER



SEDUCTION REARS ITS UGLY
HEAD: ROBERT HOLMES,
SARAH ERSKINE



A FEW years ago any playwright would have been offered no more than a possible cigar by any manager to whom he said, with immoderate honesty: "I have here a play about an odd, rather messy household. It has no plot, no particular theme, and next to no action; and in the end the characters are left much as they were in the beginning. But they're all alive-o, they're guaranteed not to bore, and if you hire the right producer they can make even the stage hands laugh now and then and like them quite a lot." *Musical Chairs*, which in bald outline promised little more than that, had its success; but most experts in *What the Public Wants* still turned their thumbs down when faced by themeless dramas of the sort, even though Mr. Rodney Ackland kept the ball rolling with his clever boarding-house comedies in a similar genre. It was the sudden rush to see a plotless and themeless, but slighter and more frivolous, piece (*Family Affairs*) that surprised them into sitting up and taking notice. A vogue for average days or week-ends in the life of happy or mildly unhappy families set in; and now, since *George and Margaret* began to draw the town from the word go, a comedy of small happenings in a slapdash household has the best passport to quick acceptance and early production.

The household in *A Ship Comes Home*, at the St. Martin's, is as slapdash as they make them in Highgate (or in playwrights' studies), and is comic enough to pass muster. Moreover, it mixes the laughter with as many heartaches as went into *Musical Chairs* or *After October*. But it stays outside the genre popularised by Ackland, Van Druten and others, because its people, instead of being average human mixtures in accordance with the modern formula, are not only decorated with sentiment, but are clearly labelled as (and divided into) Good and Bad, Brave and Feckless, all but Angel and Devil. On our right in the comedy of good and evil are young Mary, a daughter of the house, who has lived quietly at peace in grandfather's rectory until his death pitchforked her into this querulous corner of Suburbia, which she hates like anything; Christopher, a forceful, youngish doctor whom Mary leans upon and secretly loves; and especially Aunt Rosamund, an actress of but provincial consequence who is engaged to Christopher but has postponed marriage because the London stage offers at last a glittering Chance. On our left are young Mirabel, the other daughter of the house, a spoiled little silly ass with a vibrant body and a nasty temper; Paul, an actor-cad who is finding it not so easy to raise seduction's ugly head in the case of good Mary, although while doing his seducer's stuff in the case of bad Mirabel he had every encouragement both from his objective and the objective's mother; and especially Ivy, the blowzy, middle-aged teacher of singing who is the household's frequently drunken matriarch (mother to Mirabel and presumed

mother to Mary)—once, so they tell us, she had a heart of gold, but alcohol has dissolved it into harmful dross. Vaguely at the ringside are a pair of onlookers, good but feckless, whose line is comedy-pathos: one, a lodger with a pet cat, a loving heart, and the appeal that belongs to all the diffident little men acted by Mr. Eliot Makeham; and two, a hapless housekeeper invented to provide fun with forgotten meals, everlasting hash, dropped tea-cakes, goldfish hidden under the table, and the eccentric appeal that comes from all the sedate little women whose producers get them done to a quaint turn by Miss Muriel Aked.

I should disclaim, hastily, any intention of belittling these conventionalised creatures, or of laughing at them instead of with them. Despite the sentimental trimmings, despite the dearth of half-tones, despite the fact that without Miss Daisy Fisher's name on the programme as author one would still have recognised this as a woman's play, the characters live and breathe within their own compass: they fail hardly ever to give the illusion that they feel what they say they feel, and behave as their natures prompt them to behave; which is rare enough in these days of surface glitter in comedies, and should be accounted for theatrical righteousness. In Miss Sarah Erskine's hands, the nice girl persuades one (and this is also to her author's credit) of loneliness, of an urge to escape from it even into undesired seduction, and of a sense of sanctuary when she learns that her admired aunt is her illegitimate mother and her tawdry "mother" but an aunt. Similarly, Miss Judy Kelly is enabled by the nasty girl, as etched, to convince with jealousy over a lost lover, and with loud unhappiness. In considerably greater degree (for Miss Fisher, who also wrote *Lavender Ladies*, displays finer insight into women of the forties than into the young) Miss Mary Clare and Miss Laura Cowie receive opportunity: Miss Cowie to enlarge the family tyrant to a comic freak inside a full-blown carcass upon which the flies of degeneracy have settled, and to demonstrate that a girl's worst friend is her tipping mother; Miss Clare firmly to varnish the portrait of a woman who can draw from depths of courage and placidity when a cherished hope fades or a cherished man



EXIT A NASTY GIRL:
JUDY KELLY, MICHAEL
REDGRAVE



DOMESTICS IN HIGHGATE:
MOLLY HAMLEY-CLIFFORD,
JOAN HICKSON



(LEFT) HENRY LONG-
HURST. (RIGHT) MARY
CLARE AS BRAVE
THEATRICAL SOUL

goes elsewhere (and even when she spouts last-lines that are involved and highly rhetorical). If proof were needed of Miss Fisher's merit in characterisation, it could come from contrast with her single character who is a wardrobe type, the cadish actor: Mr. Robert Holmes achieves competence for this stock rôle, and no actor could do more for it. Mr. Michael Redgrave is rather better served: he manages, though only just, to sketch persuasively a man nobly trying not to show how his love has wandered from parent to offspring.



TOMTITT



LUDMILLA PITOEFF'S FILM DÉBUT

Ludmilla Pitoeff is the popular Russian actress who scored a great success as Joan of Arc in Bernard Shaw's play. She is seen here in her rôle as a nun in the St. Lazare prison in her first film, "La Danseuse Rouge," which is based on the novel by Charles Henri Hirsch

THIS is written from Vichy, Très Cher, but I had to run up to Paris for twenty-four hours this week in order not to miss a party and a first night that I particularly wished to attend. The play was M. André Birabeau's *Pamplemousse*, at the dainty and tiny Théâtre Daunou, just opposite Ciro's, that belongs to Jane Renouardt. "Pamplemousse" is housewife-French for "grapefruit," and therefore sufficiently suggests the exotic strain in the play that is the penny-plain story of the tuppence-coloured colour question, cleverly played by four remarkable child actors and a few make-weight grown-ups. Just an ordinary bunch of brats in an ordinary French *bourgeois* family. Providence orders that a young coloured boy—one of papa's little errors of judgment during his trip to Africa—should be foisted upon the astonished household. The reactions of the various members of the family towards the new-comer form the basis of the play. Needless to say that the children come out on top in the matter of showing kindness and humanity to the dark edition of their own blood. A moving little play with plenty of wit, much charity, a great deal of common sense, and that is, withal, not too slushy at the pathetic moments. Since I have a warm corner in my heart for those that Alphonse Daudet called "*les petits pays chauds*," I loudly joined in the calls for the author after the last curtain.

The party that I wished to attend was given by Princess Narischkine, and *Tout Paris* crowded to her charming flat in the Rue du Colisée (No. 19, to be pernickety) in order to meet her young protégée, the artist, Greena Bérar, who has opened a *studio d'esthétique* that, methinks, fills a long-felt want. You have heard of the American "mail-order



A MAX REINHARDT DISCOVERY: ANITA LOUISE

Not that Miss Louise is newly-discovered—she has already some part of her career behind her. Professor Max Reinhardt, however, was the first to see her potentialities and she played in his production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

Lady of the House can therefore follow the example of the Englishman who, at a restaurant, prefers to order wine by number rather than by name. "To-day, Mrs. Muggins," says the Lady of the House, "we will have Nos. 21, 145, 210, and 243—and see that the twenty-ones are properly fresh." I call this a brilliant idea. Even if one hasn't a cook, one has a kitchen! Thus every book to its own shelf. This is what we call, in French, not mixing the finger-napkins with the dish-cloths.

Priscilla in Paris

houses," but have you ever heard of a "mail-order beauty parlour"? This is one of Greena Bérar's ingenious *trouailles*. So jolly for foreigners or provincials, and for those not-so-rare-as-one-would-think unfortunates who are far too bashful to affront a beauty specialist in flesh and blood, but who will frankly describe their defects on paper and be grateful ever afterwards for the mailed advice they receive in answer; written advice accompanied by sketches showing the most suitable frock, hat and mode of hairdressing that Mlle. Bérar is inspired to suggest by the photograph that has been sent by the client. She is an artist as well as a designer, and her studies of la Dietrich, la Garbo, and other screen celebrities that decorate her studio are both striking and attractive.

My very dear and lovely Josephine Baker was at this party—not in search of "advice," for she dresses divinely, but to see Mlle. Bérar's portraits—and she was looking all the better for the short holiday she was obliged to take after having worked far too hard this winter. She still appears nightly at Folies Bergère and at two matinées, but she has closed down her night-club and—taken to flying instead! The aerodrome at Guyancourt is a far healthier proposition than the smoky atmosphere of a cabaret, and we are glad that what we lose on the roundabouts Josephine should make up on her aerial swings! She goes up almost every morning and looks like a delightful boy in her white overalls. She is due to get her licence any day now, and when she is playing in London next autumn she will be able to fly herself over to her beloved Paris every week-end.

I returned to Vichy to find an irate "vet." waiting to cuss me for having missed a couple of baths and a few swills of water, and, which was far more heart-breaking, I also found Marcel Boulestin's latest book, "The Finer Cooking" (Cassell; 2 Vols., 8s. 6d. net), awaiting perusal on my *table de chevet*. A new book by Boulestin is always a thing of joy, and the heart-breaking side of the matter is merely that when one is condemned to plain-boiled or grilled repasts it is tantalising to read about the finer cooking of which Marcel Boulestin is past-master. The book is published in two volumes. The fatter of the two is dedicated to the Lady of the House, and is charmingly "decorated" with J. Laboureur's eloquent little pen-drawings. The first half of the book consists of a series of witty, interesting, and gaily erudite *causeries* dealing with such subjects as "Parties," "Autumn Fare," "Supper or Breakfast?," and a dozen other important topics of the same order. This is followed by the recipes proper.

In the second and slimmer volume—intended for the use of the cook—there are only the recipes, duly numbered. The

PRISCILLA.



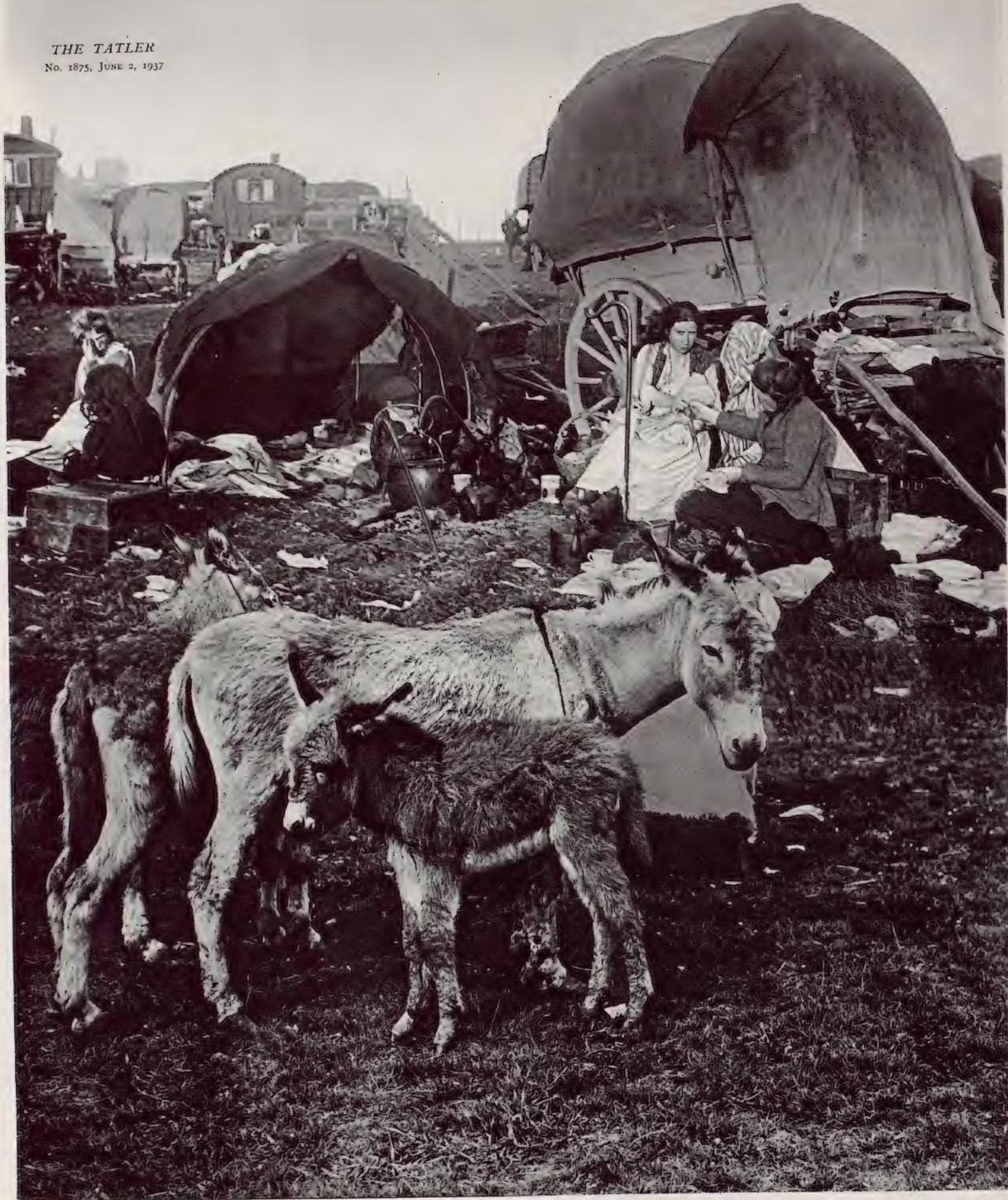
MARLENE DIETRICH IN HER NEW PICTURE, "ANGEL"



MARGOT GRAHAM, A "FRIEND," AND ANOTHER, LESTER MATHEWS

"ANGEL" IN THE MAKING: ERNST LUBITSCH (PRODUCER),
MARLENE AND "US" AND HERBERT MARSHALLDAVID HILL AND CLAIRE TREVOR AT AN OFF-SET SUPPER
IN HOLLYWOOD CITY

In two of the pictures in this page the beautiful people concerned and their escorts were off duty, but in the pictures of the film's most prominent emotional actress, she was very busy on her new picture, "Angel," which they say London may see in the autumn, with luck! At the moment it is in the early stages of production, and we are assured upon competent authority that "The Tatler" is a member of the cast, which also includes Herbert Marshall (seen in the picture) and Melvyn Douglas, who is a co-hero. Ernst Lubitsch is both directing and producing. It ought to be unnecessary to record this fact—seeing that he is smoking the inevitable cigar affected by all "perdoocers." "Angel" is stated to be a modern comedy-drama with plenty of exciting moments and with scenes laid in Paris and London. Margot Graham, who was at the Café Lamaze with Lester Mathews, is said to be looking at herself in "The Tatler." This statement seems to be easily credible.



Horace W. Nicholls

THE GIPSIES OF EPSOM DOWNS

A recent Act of Parliament has seriously affected the gipsy population of Epsom Downs, since it purports to give the Conservators the right to exclude van-dwellers from the area. "Gipsy" is a wide term in these days, since it is used to include the wandering hawker and any form of tramp-on-wheels. In its origin the word more truly refers to the Romany folk, somewhat imaginatively described by George Borrow. They are an ancient race with closely-guarded customs of their own and an extensive language of Indian origin—a large number of their words are the same as their equivalents in Hindi. They are supposed to have started their wanderings from the Valley of the Indus about 1000 A.D. It is the Romany who is the truly picturesque and even attractive gipsy who will be missed as a time-honoured feature of Derby Day. But, picturesque or not, there are some aspects of the nomadic van-dwellers' habits that can make them more welcome as a spectacle than as neighbours.

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C.F.H.



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By W. RUSSEL



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THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP:



WAITING WIVES: MRS. FRANCIS FRANCIS AND MRS. LISTER HARTLEY



WHERE'S "CRITCH"? COL. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON WALKS OVER IN THE FIRST ROUND AT SANDWICH



MR. AND MRS. R. B. FOSTER AND (RIGHT) MR. EDWARD NUGENT HEAD



MRS. GREVILLE STEVENS AND MISS RACHEL HANBURY IN CONVERSATION



SIR ERIC HAMBRO AND MAJOR WARD

ON THE RIGHT: HENRY COTTON AND MRS. MOSS



MR. AND MRS. LISTER HARTLEY



The Amateur Golf Championship, initiated in 1885 by the Royal Liverpool Golf Club, was first played at Sandwich in 1892. In that year there were 45 entrants; last week's contest saw 175 tigers and near-tigers fighting for the title which Hector Thomson did not defend. Among the nine people who walked over on the opening day was Colonel J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon—otherwise known as "Brab"—whose first-round opponent, Brigadier-General A. C. Critchley—alias "Crutch"—flew from Southampton, arrived late and found himself scratched. Mrs. Francis Francis (Sunny Jarman that was) had the disappointment of seeing her husband beaten at the nineteenth by Mr. E. B. Tipping, but Mrs. Hartley's personal interest was carried forward, Mr. Lister Hartley winning his first-round match with Herr Gutmann by a good margin. This was expected, but Mr. R. B. Foster sprang a surprise by beating Mr. D. H. R. Martin 3 and 1. Mr. E. Nugent Head had a walk-over on the opening day of the Championship, when Sir Eric Hambro, Chairman of Hambro's Bank, was giving starter's orders. Mrs. Greville Stevens, whose competitor-husband, Captain Stevens, belongs to the Royal and Ancient, walked round Royal St. George's with Major Philip Hanbury's daughter. Henry Cotton met many friends and pupils

Pictures in the Fire



AT THE PYTCHLEY PUPPY SHOW

A group at the ancient kennels at Brixworth, which some people have thought for years past are not worthy of so good a pack of hounds. In the picture are the Hon. Mrs. J. G. Lowther and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan, the wives of the Joint-Masters, and Lord and Lady Cromwell. Lord Cromwell walked Protest and Prophecy, two bitches by the Middleton Samson (1934)

Holloway



DINING AT DEAUVILLE: MR. W. F. KENNY, MRS. PERCY LAWSON-JOHNSON AND MAJOR H. EDGAR

Major Edgar is a well-known yachtsman; he was dining with Mrs. Lawson-Johnston and Mr. W. F. Kenny, junior, who hails from New York, at the moment of photography

umbrella and a bundle of income-tax papers, can appreciate the need for improved accommodation."

The wretched eels who wriggle on the hook, of course, see the catch in it. The thing underlying the debate at the N.I. I.P.F.T.A.O.T.O. was this: that if you made the man who juggled with his hat more comfortable, you would get more out of him.

* * *

This idea for providing cheerier surroundings for people like income-tax payers and others, who have to sit on the hot squat and be put through the third degree, is by no means new. Dentists thought of it ages ago. The only real difference between a dentist and an income-tax Torquemada is that with the former you know exactly how much he is going to dig out of you, and with the latter you are not so sure.

I have often wondered why some artist fond of painting Problem Pictures—say, Mr. George Belcher, for instance—never thought of placing a dentist and an income-tax man on the same canvas, the latter, of course, in the chair. I suggest that a nice title might be "And Now What About It, Me Buck?" I think that, even bad artist as I am, I could work a power of atmosphere or chiaroscuro into such a scene. The dentist a brawny, breezy man of the bo'sun type, the income-tax man a long, lank, tallow-candley oyke, with an Adam's apple and a receding chin. What a clammy, cheesy colour with Hookers' Green No. 2 streaks I could work into his cheek! What Blue Terror I could convey in every crinkle of his trousers! The background, I think, would be a mouldy green, and the dentist's india-rubber tap-dancing mat (a thing they all have so they won't miss their step at the crucial moment) a sickly puce. I am sure the Hanging Committee would snap at such a picture, and it would not be on the line one moment before it was sold.



AT THE HALL OF INDIA LUNCH

Their Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Berar, son and daughter-in-law of the Nizam of Hyderabad, with Lord Goschen, a former Governor of Madras. The luncheon was given in connection with the opening of the Hall of India in the new extension of Overseas House, St. James's, towards which the Indian Princes contributed very liberally



MRS. GERALD CRUTCHLEY AND HER DAUGHTER, ROSALIE

At the joint debutantes' dance given by Mrs. Maurice Holmes and Mrs. Gerald Crutchley at 23, Knightsbridge. Mrs. Gerald Crutchley is the former Miss Betty Spottiswoode who is a daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Spottiswoode, Mr. Spottiswoode having been intimately connected with the earlier days of this paper. Mr. Gerald Crutchley, is the only son of the late Major-Gen. Sir Charles Crutchley, and of Lady Crutchley, who is in the picture on the opposite page

By "SABRETACHE"



ALSO AT DEAUVILLE: COMMANDER AND MRS. H. E. PERRIN

Commander Perrin is the capable and energetic Secretary of the Royal Aero Club. He was in Deauville in connection with the aerial rally due to take place there in July, in which at least 100 machines are expected to take part

its head—a most charming person—after taking the stranger within his gates inside, where he said they had some stuff that would put fire enough into anyone to induce him to ride over the Liffey, and saying something about the risks of missionary work, went on, with a twinkle in his eye, that "if you wanted to talk to these black savajus leppin' out of the dust of the desert," the safest way was to do it by wireless. A very sage remark and a most excellent tip for anyone who may have to talk to any of the other "savajus," who are raising so much dust all over the place at this moment. It is a first-class idea, but personally, I think the less anyone talks the better—at any time, and especially when he can only say that he is fair spoiling for a fight. There is always the danger that someone might take him at his word! Anyway, it is obvious that unless some of the nagging old harridans who are throwing their tongues are burnt at the stake, or silenced in some other equally painful way, there might be a very awkward flare-up at any moment.

Engendered, no doubt, by the alarming details we have been given about our "disasters" during the last fortnight or so, all of them news in England, my post-bag is most belligerent, but also most interesting, and my correspondents have executed a really good all-round-their-hats cast. Their selected subjects range from the North-West Frontier of India on down through the Mediterranean to various places in Central and Western Europe, Spain, and suchlike uncomfortable spots.

* * *

Once when I happened to be hunting in Meath, those famous hounds met at a monastery, part of whose operations had to do with missions to the heathen. The reverend father who was

wanted the stranger within his gates inside, where he said they had some stuff that would put fire enough into anyone to induce him to ride over the Liffey, and saying something about the risks of missionary work, went on, with a twinkle in his eye, that "if you wanted to talk to these black savajus leppin' out of the dust of the desert," the safest way was to do it by wireless. A very sage remark and a most excellent tip for anyone who may have to talk to any of the other "savajus," who are raising so much dust all over the place at this moment. It is a first-class idea, but personally, I think the less anyone talks the better—at any time, and especially when he can only say that he is fair spoiling for a fight. There is always the danger that someone might take him at his word! Anyway, it is obvious that unless some of the nagging old harridans who are throwing their tongues are burnt at the stake, or silenced in some other equally painful way, there might be a very awkward flare-up at any moment.

* * *

A German preceptor of the science of equitation, under whom I had the great privilege to study, had a theory that unless you patted and made much of an intractable steed the moment he did the right thing, the whole morning's work was wasted and had to be begun over again. He was not only a quite remarkable teacher, but a man of deep psychological knowledge. He argued that you must let a horse know when he has done right as quickly as you let him know that he has done wrong, and he rubbed it in continuously that the worst thug, or tough of the equine race will react favourably if you let him know that he is not wrong all the time; and this, as he said quite truly, he would believe, unless you let him know to the contrary. Old Von Kugelmann, for that was the professor's name, ought to have been head of the League of Nations, but unfortunately



ANOTHER PYTCHLEY PUPPY-SHOW GROUP

In the picture are the senior Master, Colonel J. G. Lowther, Sir Peter Farquhar, M.F.H., and Major M. E. Barclay, M.F.H. (Puckeridge), judges, and Captain Macdonald-Buchanan, the other Pytchley Master. They had a very nice level entry of 11 couples of dog-hounds and 23½ couples of bitches, and one big litter was by their own Prompter (1933) out of their Stealthy (1935)

Holloway

it had not been invented at that time. The main instructions in his curriculum were: (1) Sit still; (2) Don't keep niggling and jiggling at his mouth, and if he resents a hard pull, try a soft one and see the magic it will work. He was also very insistent upon

(Continued on page xvi)



LADY CRUTCHLEY WITH LORD DUNCANNON AT A "DEB" DANCE

The occasion was Mrs. Gerald Crutchley's and Mrs. Maurice Holmes' dance for their daughters at 23, Knightsbridge. Lady Crutchley is Mrs. Crutchley's mother-in-law; she is the widow of the late Major-General Sir Charles Crutchley and a relative of the Earl of Leicester. The other hostess and her pretty young daughter are in the picture facing this one



ALSO AT THE INDIA LUNCH: LORD ZETLAND, SIR ABDUL AND LADY QADIR, AND LADY ZETLAND

The Marquess of Zetland was the bearer of the Sword of State at the Coronation ceremony. As Lord Ronaldshay, he was formerly Governor of Bengal, a troublesome charge at the best! Sir Abdul and Lady Qadir were two of the distinguished Indian guests on this occasion, and Sir Firoz Khan Noon, High Commissioner for India, made a most excellent and patriotic speech.

Sir Abdul Qadir is a judge of the High Court in Lahore



Bertram Park
PRINCESS GAYANE
MICKELADZE

Princess Gayane Mickeladze is a Russian and a star both of the stage and of pictures. She is at present playing the Archduchess in "Tovarich," on tour. She is seen here as a French Princess as she appeared at the Royalty Through the Ages Ball at the Dorchester last night

ASKED to propose a vote of thanks to the chairman at a public dinner, the proposer made the following speech:

"Gentlemen, there is an old Eastern legend which says that those whom the gods love they kiss at birth. If they kiss a baby on the lips it becomes a great singer; if they kiss it on the ears it becomes a famous musician; if on the eyes, a great artist. I won't tell you where but I'm sure you will marvellous chairman!"



AN AMERICAN SCULPTRESS IN LONDON: MISS SALLY RYAN

Miss Ryan's "one-man show" will open at the Cooling Galleries on June 30; in it the works seen in this picture are included. They are, from left to right: Mrs. Ormond Lawson-Johnston, Geoffrey Vickers, V.C., Head of a Negress (on which Miss Ryan is now working), Paul Robeson, Laurette (Royal Academy 1935), Victor Cazalet, and a self-portrait

I think they kissed Sir Charles; all agree with me that he's a

* * *

A very timid-looking maiden lady was buying a parrot. She had practically decided on one that she liked the look of, but just wanted to be certain on one point.

"You are sure," she said, "that this parrot doesn't swear?" "E certainly don't swear much, ma'am," replied the dealer impressively, "but wot 'e does swear is beautifully loud and clear!"

* * *

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

The foreman noticed one of his men gazing aimlessly about instead of working, and inquired: "What have you done to-day?"

"Dainty, for the 2.30," grinned the man.

The foreman lost his temper. "Put your coat on!" he shouted.

"Why? It ain't raining."

"Put your coat on and go and get your money!" roared the foreman, trying to keep his hands off the man.

"As it won, then?" came the reply.

* * *

Not every sane man could improve upon the response of a Chinese who, said to be insane, was being questioned by a doctor.

"Do you ever have any illusions?" asked the doctor.

"What are they?" asked the Chinese through the interpreter.

"Why," explained the doctor, "do you ever hear voices?"

"Oh, yes."

"When?"

"Whenever someone talks to me," was the reply.

* * *

A vicar visiting his parishioners found two of them at the house of the village lawyer, whom he considered had not too honest a practice.

As the vicar came in, the lawyer put a very embarrassing question to him.

"Ah, vicar," he said, "these are members of your flock, I believe. Tell me, do you look upon them as black sheep or white?"

The vicar was too sharp to be caught that way.

"I don't know whether they are white sheep or black," he replied with a smile, "but I do know that if they are here long they are pretty sure to be fleeced."

* * *

A timid little man crept up to the inspector's desk in the police-station.

"My wife has disappeared, inspector," he said shyly.

"When?" asked the inspector.

"A fortnight ago."

"Why didn't you come to us before?"

"I just couldn't believe it, sir."

* * *

"Please, madam," said the scared little maid, "I've knocked the marble clock off the mantelpiece."

"Has it stopped?" asked her mistress.

"No, madam, it's gone straight through to the basement."

* * *

An Irish soldier in France during the war received a letter from his wife saying there wasn't an able-bodied man left in the village, and she was going to dig the garden herself.

Pat wrote in his next letter: "For Heaven's sake don't dig the garden; that's where the guns are."

The letter was duly censored, and in a short time a lorry-load of men in khaki arrived at Pat's house and proceeded to dig the garden from end to end.

Pat's wife wrote in desperation, saying that she didn't know what to do as the soldiers had got the whole garden dug up.

Pat's reply was short and very much to the point: "Put in the spuds."

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“BOOT AND SADDLE” AT EPSOM



SOME OF THE DERBY OWNERS
AS SEEN BY “THE TOUT”

To-day's Derby looks like “anybody's race.” Lord Astor long ago disproved the old adage of “third time lucky,” and if persistence has any rewards on this earth he should score with Cash Book. This colt is by Cameronian, the Derby winner of 1931; his pedigree flows purple with St. Simon blood, and he has Cyllene on both sides of his breeding. Monsieur St. Alary's Le Ksar stands favourite at the time of writing, with Cash Book second favourite before Mr. Woodward's Perifox. Major Jack Courtauld's Solfo comes next in favour, the Aga Khan's Grand Duc sixth, Sir Laurence Philp's The Hour ninth; Lord Derby's Snowfall is thirteenth on the list of the call-over. With things as uncertain as they are, one more attempt at a forecast can do no harm, so let us say Cash Book, Perifox, The Hour—“with Heel-Bug as the danger”!



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Stuart
CRICKETERS AT TENNIS: BRYAN
VALENTINE AND TOM TURNBULL

Bryan Valentine is Kent's joint-captain in the cricketing way and is to take on as sole captain from the end of July. Entering a tennis tournament for the first time since 1923, he won the Hurlingham handicap singles from Tom Turnbull (Harrow Cricket XI), beating him 7-5, 10-8. In the Surrey Championships at Surbiton, however, he fell out in the first round. T. Turnbull is a son of the famous O. G. N. Turnbull, the former Davis Cup player

of their *coup d'état* the second time was really more our fault than their own—a small matter of a hundred thousand Old Contemptibles. But this, you protest, is not meant to be a history lesson, but a treatise on the noble game—yes, noble; for, apart from our present King's aptitude for the game, didn't the King of France, way back in the Middle Ages, send a present of tennis balls to our Henry V.? So I repeat, the noble game of lawn tennis. Exactly! And that's why I opened my article this week with that magic invocation, which has meant so many different things at different times to different people. An invocation, however, which to the tennis world—which, of course, knows no boundaries—means the Hard Court Championships, now in progress as I write, upon the courts of the Roland Garros Stadium. Every year, at this time, the glad cry goes up among tennis stars converging upon Europe from across the Seven Seas, "To Paris!," as a preparation for Wimbledon. And so to Paris it is, though a fortnight later the majority of them are swearing once more that they never want to see again, as long as they live, that slow, dusty Centre Court, with its pitiless glare in the noonday heat, that has served as a grave for so many tennis aspirations, so many championship hopes. All dead; until, this time next year, once more will go forth the cry—"To Paris!" . . .

I don't know whether it is our notorious native caution, our angular—or do I mean Anglican?—self-consciousness, that between them defeat us before we get on to court at all—I always think there is something funny about a foreign city, and you know what happened to that mother and daughter in the last Paris Exhibition—but the fact remains, our little lot always does atrociously in the championships. The only exceptions I can think of are Perry—and even he fell by the wayside in the final last year, when he was thrashed by von Cramm in no uncertain fashion;

LAWN TENNIS : By "RABBIT"

"To Paris!" they cried in 1870. Who cried? Why, the Germans, of course—and "To Paris!" they cried again in 1914; but on this occasion they weren't so lucky, though their mismanagement

Miss Scriven, who won the singles on two occasions, and taught the L.T.A. a lesson into the bargain, for not nominating her name among those in the official team; and Miss Yorke, who did ditto, and more than ditto, by carrying off both doubles championships last year, with Mme. Mathieu and Marcel Bernard as her partners respectively. Miss Yorke, as it happens, is the one British player who produces her most superlative form on foreign courts, but for the rest—and I am thinking now more of the men than the ladies—we usually put up a very poor show in Paris. It can't be because our boys spend their evenings painting Montmartre the colour of a Belisha beacon, for, on the contrary, no ladies' lacrosse team on tour is guarded with greater strictness and propriety. But, whatever the reason, the results to date have been melancholy to a degree. I don't know yet what has been Austin's ultimate fate in the singles—though I am

willing to prophesy that, with von Cramm *hors de combat* through staleness, it's now or never for "Bunny"—but I do know that our two star-men's doubles teams failed either of them to reach the final, and the form that they showed in defeat did not make any of their places in the Davis Cup team more certain. I suppose, in the end, it will have to be either Hughes and Tuckey or Hare and Wilde, but after the way in which the latter pair went down early on to de Stefani and his partner, I begin to wonder whether I was being over-optimistic when I was so eulogistic about their improvement that I thought I noted at Bournemouth. One thing I am still certain about: I did register a decline in Hughes' play, and this decline seems to have been maintained when he and his partner went out to von Cramm and Henkel in the



MISS ALICE MARBLE AND HER CONQUEROR, MISS FREDA JAMES, AT SURBITON

By beating the American crack 6-4, 6-3 in the Ladies' Singles for the Surrey Championship at Surbiton, our Miss James has come right into the limelight, for Miss Marble defeated Miss Helen Jacobs for the American Championship last year. The court was in a very difficult condition owing to the wet, and it was nimbleness of foot and an ability to keep right-end up that stood the light-weight winner in such good stead

semi-final. I would not be so stupid as to suggest that the Germans are not as good a pair as you will find in Europe, capable on their day, moreover, of defeating any combination in the world. But, as I have already said, von Cramm is not in his best form at the moment. Besides, if our Davis Cup chances are

(Contd. on p. xxvi)



Stuart
THE SOUTH AFRICAN DAVIS CUP PAIR : N. FARQUHARSON AND V. KIRBY

Playing against a team greatly weakened by the absence, through injury, of A. C. Stedman, the South Africans beat New Zealand in their Davis Cup tie at Brighton. Vernon Kirby, the brilliant young left-hander who won his single and shared the winning of the doubles, is twenty-two; he comes from Durban. Farquharson is a Johannesburger



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As Stanton passed the spot where the diving-board ran across the wide space at the end of the bath, he put out his foot

DENYS STANTON sat in his sitting-room and looked into the fire; he was trying to make up his mind to leave his armchair, go out into the damp November evening and take a taxi to the Regent Club. Considering that he was perfectly comfortable where he was, it was perhaps a little odd that he wasn't content to stay there, but the trouble with Denys Stanton was not an uncommon one. He had been born gregarious and he preferred to be surrounded by people rather than by things. A fire, a cat, a wireless, a bottle, a syphon, a library and comfortable furniture were not in themselves sufficient to keep him anchored to their charms. He preferred the Regent, where he couldn't get near the fire; where no cat walked; where no wireless cheerfully blared; where his drinks cost three times as much; where the library was cold; and where the furniture was three times as uncomfortable as his own. But there were men there and that meant an end to silence; and quiet was what Denys Stanton disliked. So much so that he was content to make the acquaintance of anyone who would take him out of himself, and perhaps it was on that account that he paid no attention to what other members thought and frequently said about Grange. Not that he went out of his way to spend much

THE UNSPEAKABLE GRANGE

By

PETER TRAILL

time with him, but if there were no one else available, Grange was better than no one at all, and on that principle Denys Stanton used to flop himself down in a chair next to him, when the club was deserted, and help him to continue what other members said was his life's only work — that of drinking himself to death.

There are some men who, engaged in this pursuit, manage to achieve their object with good humour and a minimum of trouble to other people.

There are others whom people put hastily out of sight, so that they should cause nothing except expense; but there is a third class who spend their time making everyone else wish they were dead, and to that class Grange belonged. The real trouble was that he wouldn't die. With the constitution of an ox, he pursued his alcoholic way, and, apart from the facts that his temper became more and more uncertain the later in the evening, and his walk somewhat erratic, he showed little signs of wear and tear. Those members who detested him most had naturally been the most optimistic about the length of his life; but even the ones who found him insupportable, but tried to make allowances, were far out in their calculations. According to the former, Grange ought to have been dead ten years ago; according to the latter, about four years and three months. But Grange, as thin as ever except for his cheeks, which were puffy, and his eyes, which were a little bloodshot, lived still; and if Denys Stanton should have had doubts about the matter they were dispelled when his parlourmaid announced him, just as Stanton had risen from his chair and was preparing to go to the Regent.

It wasn't the first time that Grange had called upon him, and, lover of his fellows as Stanton was, his affection did not go so far as to welcome him enthusiastically under his

(Continued on page 456)



"But you really must have your Tuborg, sir"



TUBORG - *It's REAL LAGER*

THE UNSPEAKABLE GRANGE—(*Contd. from page 454*)

own roof. Quite apart from anything else, Stanton had noticed that his visits always coincided with a lack of cash. In other words, he came along whenever he wanted a free drink, and as he stood before him Stanton was angry. "Something," he thought to himself, "must be done about this unspeakable chap."

"Hullo," he said icily, "I was just off to the club." Grange smiled at him in what he imagined to be a friendly fashion, but the grin had a sardonic quality about it which put an edge on the humour.

"Splendid," he answered; "you can give me a lift. What about a spot?" Stanton sighed, put his hands in his pockets and jerked his head towards the tantalus.

"You'll find whatever you want in there, I expect," he said. Grange spun round and, going over to the table, helped himself liberally. Stanton, watching him, felt an immeasurably superior person, and his cat, after arching its back and stretching itself, walked from the room with majestic steps. Holding up the glass, Grange looked at the size of the whisky he had poured out for himself, splashed a little soda into it and, giving it a jerk upwards towards his host, put down most of it.

"How the hell you keep it up," Stanton said, "I'm damned if I know!" Grange came slowly forward.

"That's what everyone's been saying for the last twelve years," he answered. "And they all wish I couldn't." He paused and cocked an eye at Stanton. "You too?" Stanton shuffled his feet uneasily; it wasn't in his nature to be rude to people, but this chap was insufferable.

"Oh, no," he said hesitatingly.

"I know better," Grange replied roughly. "You all wish I'd pass out altogether. Well, I won't—not for a long time." He held up his glass. "And not from this, either. So now you know." He sat down on the sofa at the side of the fire and stared moodily in front of him. "You can't get rid of me as easily as that."

"Who wants to get rid of you?" Stanton temporised. Grange looked up, snorted with contempt at the question and finished his drink in another gulp. Then he got to his feet again.

"Well, what about the club?" he asked. As Stanton followed him out of the sitting-room, he could see that, even for Grange, he was certainly carrying a load. There was a slight roll about his gait and a little thickening of his speech which betokened, in Grange's case, a good deal of alcohol. But he showed no other signs and, when they had found a taxi, sat down with precision.

"I'll tell you something," he said. "The reason why you and the rest won't have the satisfaction of getting rid of me for some time yet...." Stanton made no comment and, after a moment, Grange continued. "You see, I don't like drink." Seeing

the open amazement in Stanton's face, he laughed cynically.

"At least, not well enough," he added.

"Of course you don't," Grange answered roughly. "You don't observe. None of you does. You just sit around and frown at me; and every day that I bob up again you all get madder than ever about it." Stanton began to feel for the first time an absolute loathing for his companion, aroused by the superiority of his manner and the unpleasantness of it.

"I should love to hear how you manage to be so clever," he said sarcastically.

"Quite simple; really it is." Grange smirked at him. "People die or vanish out of the scene from a passion for one thing—a single-hearted desire, whether it is money, women, or drink. They can't do without the particular object. A fellow takes to brandy—" he kissed his fingers towards the window. "Good-bye to him. He's in love with one woman and she lets him down. Good-bye to him also. He collects money. He's sure to lose health. But I don't stick to any one kind of drink. As I said, I don't like any of them well enough."

"You're talking drivell," Stanton put in heatedly.

"You may think so," Grange replied. "Just now I'm on whisky. Next week I shan't touch it. I ring the changes, you see."

"And you attribute your long life to that sort of general post?" Stanton asked bitterly.

"Certainly. If any of you can find a drink for which I have a continual craving, then the days of Grange are numbered. But you won't, you know. I've tried pretty nearly all of them, and, though I like some better than others, I'm quite immune." The taxi stopped at the club and Grange clambered out of it, staying on the pavement long enough to add, "Pity, isn't it?"

Stanton paid off the driver and entered the club in Grange's wake. He did not know when he had hated a man so much. Of course, it had been welling up inside him for months. He realised with a shock, as he hung up his hat, that his thoughts were never far away from Grange, making less and less allowance for him, until now the last tittle of mercy had vanished, leaving him with a hatred which was active. Much as the others disliked him, the peak of their enmity was far lower than his.

Following him into the smoking-room, Stanton noticed with a sinking feeling that the large L-shaped room was very empty, and then he remembered that it was Friday and that most members went away for the week-end. At the far end he saw Grange beckoning to him; he already held a whisky and soda in his hand and the waiter was standing near with another one on a tray. Stanton wondered how he had paid for them, concluded he had had them "chalked up on the slate," and, following Grange's finger reluctantly, picked up the glass from the tray. (Continued on page xii)



TRUMAN HOWELL
A HOUSE-PARTY AT TREDEGAR HOUSE

In the picture are some of the guests at Tredegar House on the occasion of the visit of H.R.H. the Crown Prince of Greece

From left to right are: Lady Aberconway, Mrs. Farquharson, Capt. H. Ware, Mr. and Mrs. Gladwyn Jebb (Mr. Jebb is at the Foreign Office), Mr. Anthony Squires, Mr. Shane Leslie, the well-known author, and Mr. H. Drummond-Wolff



HOWARD BARRETT
AT THE RUFFORD PUPPY SHOW

At this show a presentation was made to the Rev. Cyril Walker, who has hunted with the pack for over forty years: he is to be seen in the forefront of the group. In the group can be seen, seated: Miss Barbara Warwick (second from left), Colonel P. Warwick, the Rev. Cyril Walker, Lady Titchfield, Mrs. Thompson, Lady Burghley, Lady Sibell Argles and Mrs. Cherry-Downes. Behind can be seen: Mr. T. Hall-Watt, M.F.H., North Northumberland, and Lord Burghley, M.F.H. (his own hounds), who were judging; Lord Titchfield, Joint-Master, with Colonel R. Thompson, of the Rufford, Captain H. Jackson, and a number of the good sportsmen and sportswomen who "walked" puppies.

when dining
with
someone
you
don't know
very
well ...



have you
ever
noticed
how a
certain feeling
of tension
is broken
by smoking
a cigarette ...



and how
from
that moment
when
you both
start smoking
you enjoy
yourself
enormously ?

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PETROL VAPOUR : By JOHN OLIVER

Horses and Dogs.

LOVE for animals, Bertrand Russell has told us, is a conditioned response to hunger. So, logically, the animal-lover ought to be ashamed of himself. Yet I, a "rude mechanical" who has spent all his life with motor-cars and aeroplanes and does not know which end of a horse goes first, am constantly assailed by a feeling of pity when I see horses and dogs amidst heavy motor traffic. It is utterly beyond me to understand the attitude of the animal-lover who pleads for the use of greater numbers of horses for road transport. If we are permitted to attribute to animals the kind of feelings we have ourselves, we must conclude that the horse whose job it is to pull a vehicle along the roads of to-day has as wretched a time as could be devised. All the mechanically-propelled vehicles around him have vastly superior powers of acceleration, braking and manoeuvre, and they are continuously using them to his extreme discomfort. A machine stops with a jerk just in front of his nose; another swerves across in front of him, causing his driver to yank at the reins and himself to start violently. The light signals are not timed for his convenience, but for the convenience of motor traffic.

Motor-car drivers usually show consideration to horse-drawn traffic; but not always. Drivers in a hurry sometimes cut across close to horses in a way that seems to me to be unnecessarily unkind. With dogs the fault lies not with motor-vehicle drivers, but with the owners of the dogs, who let them loose in heavily trafficked parts or drag them along on leads while on shopping expeditions in places where they must be in constant dread either of being trampled on or run over. To me—and I suppose this remark will bring the usual cartload of brickbats—it seems kinder for those who have no run of open country to offer them, not to keep either horses or dogs. And while I am on the subject, let me ask motor-car drivers to do what they can to avoid killing birds at this time of year. Where there are hedge-rows on both sides and the road is narrow, this often means slowing down a lot and occasionally braking. To me this delay is well worth while, for it is hateful, especially to those who have done much flying, to see a bird in free flight at one moment and, at the next, rolling in the road with a crumpled wing. When a lot of

birds are standing in the road, a blast on the horn sometimes—though not always—frightens them away in time. If they refuse to move, surely a touch on the brakes is worth while?

Overdrives.

Overdrives have long been popular in the United States, but they have made little progress here. Now, however, the new Riley "Nine" is offered with an overdrive transmission which, in effect, converts it into a five-speed car. But there is this difference: that the engagement of the overdrive is semi-automatic, following a momentary lifting of the foot from the accelerator pedal at the appropriate speed. The gear-box itself has three ratios, and the overdrive provides a stepped-up second and a stepped-up top when they are required. An extra control allows the driver to cut out the overdrive altogether if he wishes, and then he can employ the three forward ratios of the gear-box in the ordinary way.

The object of the overdrive is to ease the engine revolutions when the car is in its stride and moving along a "sympathetic" road. The engine speed is reduced by about 30 per cent., and the result is lower fuel consumption. The new Rileys also have a modified induction system which is designed to aid the gas flow and to help in the filling of the cylinders. In fact, these models are of considerable interest, and I shall hope in the future to report on them in greater detail.

Isle of Man Race.

On June 3 there will be held the Royal Automobile Club's International Car Race in the Isle of Man. The entries are good, and I think those who can get away will find it well worth while to go over to the Island. As yet I have no information as to which of Prince Chula's entries Prince Birabongse will be driving, the E.R.A. or the Delage; but I should imagine that he, Mays and Fairfield will be somewhere out in front when the flag falls. The Maserati contingent, however, is not to be sniffed at, especially in view of the fact that Count Lurani's entry is to be driven by Villoresi. Finally, there is Charles Martin's amazing vehicle with its squad of four engines. This is the sort of thing that might provide a surprise, although past experience of markedly unorthodox designs is not a bit favourable. They (Continued on page 462)



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Solemn Moments.

OUR orgy of solemn moments, of dignity, of impressive spectacles, of noble grandeur, of gorgeous colours, and of magnificent and deeply moving sights is over: the captains and the kings depart and the military camps in Hyde Park are dismantled. We can return to our lowly, insignificant business of aviation. Metaphorically, we can exchange the coronet for the crash-hat, the embroidered mantle for the mangled muffler. We can exchange the delightful reminiscences of the mystic past for the hard facts and hard work of the present. But let us take a lesson from these festivities and not become too mundane, too serious, too drab. That there is always a risk of doing so is shown by the ebb and flow of criticism of the planned New York to Paris air race.

Many English and American people have gone all humane about the race, and have asked for its cancellation on the grounds that those taking part in it are likely to lose their lives. That, however, is not serious criticism. Before every big race there is some sort of outcry of that kind. What is serious is that these English and American critics have tried to bolster up their case by saying that the commercial air line across the Atlantic is soon to start, and that a race across it, with possible loss of life, would jeopardise the popularity of that line. They hold up their hands in horror at the thought of "stunt" flights when the holy cause of commercialism may be prejudiced by them.

Commercial Claptrap.

Now, I challenge this contention. I do not admit that a drab, regular, money-making, safe, useful commercial air line is the least bit more important to mankind than



THE FLYING LION: A PILOT'S PET AT DURBAN

One of the commercial pilots of Natal Aviation, Ltd., is the owner of this air-minded feline. Charlie, however, only looks moderately comfortable on the somewhat slippery cowling!



Dorothy Wilding

AN AIR MARSHAL'S WIFE: LADY BOWHILL
Air Marshal Sir Frederick Bowhill began flying in 1912 as an officer of the Royal Naval Reserve, subsequently taking a commission in the R.N. and serving with the naval wing of the R.F.C. He has been Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council since 1933 and is to take over the Coastal Command on July 1. He married, in 1932, the widow of Wing-Commander A. B. Gaskell, R.A.F.

an inspiring, dangerous, uneconomic air race. In fact, I would say that this idea that commercial activities are holy has been carried a great deal too far. I admire people who put their money into commercial aviation and wish them the best of luck and appropriate profits; but I am not going to advocate that other sorts of aviation should be

in the face of the American opposition remains to be seen. Certainly the idea that some Jack-in-office can dictate to a properly licensed air pilot, with a correctly certified aeroplane, as to what destinations he may set out for and what destinations he may not set out for is novel. It suggests a new form of despotism in aviation, and a further retrograde step from that freedom which should be the basis of all air travel.

"Topsy" for Two.

There was no pomp or ceremony, no blowings of trumpets, no bowings and chantings about the introduction of the "Topsy" two-seater at the Fairey aerodrome on the Great West Road, yet this little machine may exert a profound influence upon the future of aeronautical development. It is a two-seater side-by-side monoplane, externally resembling the single-seater "Topsy," but with a bigger wing-span and a different engine. It is, in my opinion, a sport aeroplane of the first class, and I want to ask all those who are interested in private ownership to go and look at it.

At the moment, with the Walter-Mikron engine, the price is about £500, but preparations are being made to fit another engine which is in bigger production, and then the price may be brought down to about £400. The seats are side by side, but slightly staggered, and give plenty of room. In all other respects, the "Topsy" for two is a scaled-down, modern monoplane. It has dual control, and there is room for

(Continued on page ii)



FLYING AT SIXTY: MAJOR F. G. MAUNDE-THOMPSON

On the occasion of Major Maunde-Thompson's sixtieth birthday Brooklands Flying Club made him a present of a sixty-minute flight—one minute for each year of his age. Major Maunde-Thompson was formerly in the Gunners

This England . . .



Ilfracombe, N. Devon

GOING to the seaside is no ancient custom. Indeed until the last century the rigours of travel forbade it for so many. A change of air meant a visit to relatives or the old home in the country. But the custom is a good one ; not only for ourselves but for the little ports that would else have starved through the concentrating of industry. So is our coast dotted with lovely townlets, relics of an older day that our good habits keep alive. And in each you will find—awearied with climbing or swimming or just idling—another refreshing relic of this England that our good habits (and good sense) keep very much alive . . . our Worthington.



Petrol Vapour

(Continued from p. 458)

can frequently do the knots, but are deficient in staying power. However, as Martin said to me when I was discussing his new car with him: "There's plenty of machinery under the bonnet," and that alone is some justification!

* * *

Caravan Rally.

Caravanning is obtaining a strong hold in this country, and the rally in the Old Deer Park at Richmond recently demonstrated how pleasant these mobile living quarters can be. About 120 caravans assembled there and, as I passed them several times during their stay, I had a good chance of noting the conditions. Perhaps the thing that struck me most—especially after coming back from London roads which had been almost entirely submerged beneath a scum of Coronation litter, was the perfect cleanliness of the camp. There was not only no litter, but enormous care was taken to preserve the grass and trees. When the caravans, which accommodated about 300 people, departed, there was not a piece of paper or a single match-stick to be found on the ground.

That struck me as being the biggest and best tribute to caravanning ever seen. I hope all those who passed that way noted it. It was really more than a tribute to caravanning; it was a lesson to the whole of the rest of the community. If this is what caravanning is, then the more it grows and the more it flourishes, the better it will be for everybody.



A SCENE FROM "THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD"

Left to right: Derek Oldham as Colonel Fairfax, Sylvia Cecil as Elsie Maynard, and Martyn Green as Jack Point. After their extended and successful American tour the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company commenced a seven weeks' repertoire season at Sadler's Wells Theatre on Monday last. The company is entirely the same as that appearing throughout the American tour, where they have played nearly twelve months with astounding success

Donington.

Donington on Coronation Day drew a big crowd in spite of the prophets who said that there would be nobody left to go to motor racing. And the Austin people are fully justified in directing attention to the brilliant performance of C. L. Goodacre in the Austin Seven. He won all four races. In the 12½ miles event for cars of up to 850 c.c. he passed the limit man in the last lap and won at 64.95 m.p.h. In the next two events, also over the same distance, he won again, and in the Coronation Trophy Race, over forty laps of the course, he won at 61.66 m.p.h. H. L. Hadley, in another Austin, was running second until seven laps from the end, when he had to retire with a broken oil pipe. I understand that a flying stone cut it.

* * *

Economy.

I have received the official report from the Royal Automobile Club of the trial run of the Hillman Minx. It was to demonstrate the number of miles it was possible to drive the car for a cash expenditure of £2 10s. The distance was 1,082½ miles, and with meticulous accuracy the R.A.C. points out that the total expenditure was £2 10s. 0½d. The fuel consumption was 31.8 miles per gallon.

* * *

Maps showing special routes for the Epsom Summer Meeting (June 1 to 4) have been prepared by the Automobile Association. Copies of the traffic map, together with particulars of parking places, can be obtained from any office of the Automobile Association without charge.

Some say concrete makes the safest road surface—it is used on the stretch of the Kingston By-pass shown here)—others argue for macadam. But one thing is certain, if you want your tyres to GRIP the road whatever the surface wet or dry—fit Indias—"the tyres that have the road in their grip."

INDIA SUPER

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1715



ENTERTAIN

Royally



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MARTELL *Cordon Bleu*

A VERY FINE LIQUEUR BRANDY—GUARANTEED OVER 35 YEARS IN CASK

AND THEN THERE'S EXTRA—VERY EXPENSIVE BUT MARTELL'S FINEST LIQUEUR BRANDY—70 YEARS IN CASK

Air Eddies—continued from p. 460

baggage. There is full instrument equipment, all the dials being on a separate, flexibly mounted dash. The top speed is about 200 kilometres an hour (about 124 miles an hour) and the landing speed is very slow. I mentioned the single-seater at the time of the Royal Aeronautical Society's Garden Party, and in the air this new two-seater looks and behaves much like its smaller brother. Mr. E. O. Tipps, the designer, from whom the machine derives its name, told me that the machine had been built before the drawings had been completed. For a small machine that strikes me as not only the right way to set about things, but the only sound way. It recalls the story of the engineer who, being asked by General Stonewall Jackson if the plans for a bridge had been completed, replied: "I don't know whether the plans are finished, but the bridge is." The Tipsy two-seater is a fine example of the practical results obtained by building first and getting out the drawings afterwards, and it should achieve wide popularity as a private-owner aeroplane.

* * *

International Meeting.

On June 4, 5 and 6 there is the International Meeting at York aerodrome, and it seems that the entries are many and interesting. I shall hope to visit this meeting because I am anxious to see the kind of aerobatic displays that are given. A good deal of progress has been made on the Continent recently in aerobatics, and although I do not know if any of the experts will be at York, some of the flying there is likely to be worth watching. After that many other meetings and displays are



AT LE TOUQUET: LADY FURNESS

Lady Furness, who is well known in Leicestershire, is here seen in the garden of her villa at Le Touquet with her family. Behind her is Mr. Rory Cameron, the son of her first marriage, and on either side of her Pat and Carol Cavendish, the children of her second

on the calendar, and this year looks as if it will set new records in the number and variety of aerial events. The Society of British Aircraft Constructors' Display, to which connoisseurs look forward more than anything else, for it brings together the best machines and the best pilots, is to be a two-day affair this year. At the R.A.F. Hendon Display there is to be formation flying on a larger scale than ever before, and I hear of one or two other interesting new items which are being planned.

* * *

Decoration.

Congratulations to Mr. J. N. Bamford, of Air France, on being awarded the Cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour by the French Government. Incidentally, it is about time our own Government accorded some similar recognition to certain Frenchmen who have worked long and hard for the benefit of air transport.

* * *

Gold Diggers of 1937, the latest film in the Gold Digger series, has gone to the Dominion. Joan Blondell and Dick Powell are the stars, supported by Victor Moore, the well-known American stage comedian, Glenda Farrell, Osgood Perkins, and a clever young dancer called Lee Dixon. It is a musical comedy with very attractive song hits, and features Powell as an insurance salesman for a not too successful company who succeeds in getting a million dollar policy on the life of Victor Moore, a somewhat brow-beaten impresario. When it has been all signed up he finds that Moore's dishonest partners have arranged the policy, believing that Moore is on the verge of collapse, because they need the money to replace funds that they have embezzled.

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ii

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Horse
blindfold!"*

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Only one whisky has just this silk-smoothness. Only one whisky produces precisely this glorious glow. It does not require great experience to say, White Horse, of course!"

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Screw cap flasks of convenient sizes on sale everywhere

The Highway of Fashion

By M. E. BROOKE

JUNE is the month of roses and of weddings. Therefore, the accepted artists in dress, Fenwicks, New Bond Street, ask prospective brides and their friends to visit their model gown department, as there they have assembled a collection of frocks for brides and bridesmaids which may well be described as "up-to-the-moment." They may be interpreted in various fabrics, thereby enhancing the charms of the wearer. The very latest edition may be seen on this page; the grace of its classical lines is by no means the least of its many attractions. It is carried out in heavy slipper satin of an elusive endive shade, which is seen through the lovely embroidery expressed in stones that have borrowed the light and fire of the diamond; the collar which flanks the column of the throat has a decidedly flattering effect. The train falls in sweeping folds from the shoulder, while the tulle veil and head dress are of Flemish conception. It is not pleasant, but prices have to be stated; in this department brides' dresses are from twelve and a half guineas and bridesmaids' from ten and a half guineas. In this connection it is well to remember that a fur coat or wrap makes an ideal wedding gift; here are to be seen perfectly lovely affairs in mink and silver fox



Picture by Blake



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7. Ruby and Diamonds	70 0 0
8. Diamonds, Emeralds and Sapphires	30 0 0
9. Emerald and Diamonds	50 0 0
10. Zircon and Diamonds	82 10 0
11. Emerald and Diamonds	165 0 0
12. Diamonds	90 0 0
13. Diamonds	150 0 0
14. Diamonds	65 0 0
15. Emerald and Diamonds	105 0 0
16. Emerald and Diamonds	48 10 0
17. Sapphire and Diamonds	90 0 0
18. Diamonds	45 0 0
19. Sapphire and Diamonds	38 10 0
20. Diamonds	68 10 0
21. Diamonds	56 0 0

IT is seldom you find a collection of Rings as excellent in Design and Quality as those illustrated. Inspection is invited—You will be welcomed with the greatest cordiality at any of our three London Showrooms—or a Catalogue will be sent. Incidentally The Rings have Platinum settings and the illustrations portray their actual size.

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Set Fair

QUITE new is the fabricating medium of the suit below—it is really flax lace. The dress is arranged with rever fronts and pleats at the back and front of the skirt, and although the coat, with its turn-over collar, is included, the price is merely eighty-nine shillings and sixpence. For ninety-eight shillings and sixpence there are other styles suitable for women of dignified and generous proportions

LET us all wish that the reading of the barometer may be "set fair" on every important occasion during the ensuing weeks. Walpole's, New Bond Street, evidently believe that such will be the case, as their collection of summer frocks is unrivalled, and—of paramount importance—there is something to suit every type of figure. Above is a frock carried out in patterned matt crêpe for sixty-three shillings; there are four sizes with white and coloured grounds, and of course there is a variety of patterns. For the same price there are washing silk dresses; the stripes are arranged to have a slimming effect. Printed marocain frocks are available for fifty-nine shillings and sixpence. The art of designing fashions for cruising is well understood in these salons; illustrations of the same, together with those for garden parties and other summer activities, may be seen in the catalogue, sent gratis and post free

“On Lovely Women”



The woman whom the world calls lovely is never guilty of bad taste in her appearance. Instinctively she knows how to dress, and has learned to understand the possibilities of her hair and face. She knows that the superficial and the obvious are not enough, that

an apparently lovely skin must be lovely in day and artificial light, and in the intimacies of her life at home. Cyclax preparations do this for you, and give you the poise and confidence that come from knowing that your skin will *always* be beyond criticism.

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To fill out lines and hollows: CYCLAX SKIN FOOD keeps the skin young . . . definitely eradicates wrinkles. ‘Baby’ for the very young, ‘Thick’ for the very lined. Special ‘O’ for the average skin. Price, 4/-, 7/6

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... and so to bed

IT is always a special pleasure to study the lingerie assembled in the salons of Derry and Toms in the Kensington High Street, as the needs of the bride with luxurious tastes as well as the one who likes the simplest of things have been carefully considered. The altogether charming affairs on this page are indicative of an infinite variety of others of which there are many versions. When last women regarded nightdresses with long sleeves they were of lawn; to-day the filmiest chiffon nighties have sleeves of the bishop's persuasion, the décolletages outlined with ruches. The colours are perfectly lovely and the cost is twenty-five shillings and elevenpence. Chiffon nighties with sashes are fifteen shillings and elevenpence; naturally they are not endorsed with long sleeves. Pure silk cami-knickers are the same price, while night-dresses to match with square necks are twenty shillings. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this firm make a feature of lingerie for all types of figure



SUMMER brings with it entirely new thoughts of lingerie, swiftly followed by a visit to Derry and Toms. There is much to please and nothing to cavil at in the originals of the pictures on this page. A silk satin nightdress is worn by the seated figure on the left; quite a new departure is the Suzette vest edged with lace. A frill of net at the hem and puff sleeves increase its charm, and the price is thirty-nine shillings and elevenpence. The pyjamas at the top of the page are the same price; the trousers are of black satin and the coat of gold, or it may be expressed in silver satin if desired. Endowed with a very luxurious aspect is the nightdress on the right. The fabricating medium is old gold satin enriched with lace of a shade that is almost marron glacé; it is four guineas, cami-knickers to match being fifty-nine shillings and elevenpence. There are other shades in which they are available. The boudoir cap in the centre is a highly artistic study



'Celanese' says:

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The Coat in 'Celanese' Sharks'kin suavely fitted to hug the
waist line, is worn over a black frock in 'Celanese' Satin.

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Things Modish



Picture by Blake

THE finest and most beautiful materials have gladly given of their best to Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, for the "lovelies" of the bed seen on this page. Their innate charm is increased by exquisite needlework reminiscent of the specimen pieces seen in the treasure houses of the world, not overlooking Versailles. There are organdies, fine lawns, silks and satins, in perfect colourings including floral pastel shades as well as more dominant notes. Incidentally, the head and foot of the bed are covered with ivory crackled leather. The quilted satin bedspread, the cushion and pillows may all be seen here. By the way, the pillows are "lighter than air," a quality that beggars description—they must be seen. The tailored satin pyjamas and dressing wrapper are noteworthy for their severity and simplicity; a very strong point in their favour is that they are washable. The perfumed sleeping turban, although not new, is an accessory that no well-dressed woman can afford to be without, as it keeps her tresses in perfect condition during the hours of rest. Furthermore, there are filmy nightdresses that seem to have been fashioned by fairy fingers and are distinctly flattering. Neither must it be overlooked that there is a wealth of little things, the accessories that mean so much to the modern woman



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Innoxa's contribution to the gayest Summer season of our decade—two new shades *Dawn*, provocative, light and gay, is created for you to wear with all that is brightest in the new Summer shades. *Autumn*, suggesting the deep russet warmth of Autumn leaves, harmonises with the richer, warmer tones of the Summer fashions, creating the perfect colour ensemble.



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The Innoxa Beauty Guide No. 3 will be sent to you post-free on request, and the Innoxa Beauty Consultant will be pleased to give advice on your particular complexion problem and, if desired, your correct Colour Harmony in make-up.

“The Unspeakable Grange”—continued from p. 456

As he raised it to his lips an idea came into his head. He determined to give Grange just as much whiskey as he could. The more he thought of the idea the better it pleased him. He would shake him out of his complacency, and perhaps so much that he would get rid of him for a time—if not for good.

At the moment of its inception Stanton thought the notion a very excellent one—Grange having already a long start; but as the evening wore on and the price of the idea mounted up, Stanton realised that he had underestimated the revolting man as many others had done before him. And with the knowledge that, apart from Grange being only a little thicker in speech and a little more uncertain as to the exact position of his glass, there was little or no change, his temper rose to reach boiling point, when Grange suddenly said:

“Trying to make me tight, aren't you? Maybe you think I'll pass out for a little: for good, eh?” He laughed. “You're wasting your time and your money. Never mind, I'm not tired of whiskey yet.” Stanton looked from Grange over the swimming bath by the side of which they were sitting, and wondered how he could turn the tables on the wretch beside him; but all he could think of was to order another whiskey and soda.

Every attempt has either got to succeed or be abandoned, and this one of Stanton's had, in the end, to be abandoned. The hour was late; the night porter was on duty, and the club waiters had gone home when Stanton got very unsteadily to his feet. Grange followed suit.

“You know, I think that'll be about enough whiskey for a bit,” he said. “I must switch. I'll go on to gin to-morrow.” He walked away from Stanton and down the side of the bath. Stanton, following behind him, could stand his careful steps no longer, and, as he passed the spot where the diving-board ran across the wide space at the end of the bath, he put out his foot. The movement had the desired effect; Grange stumbled, caught his toes against the upraised board and fell sideways into the bath.

Stanton stood above the place where he had fallen in and smiled at the tumbled water. At any rate, the fellow would get a nice ducking, and that was some consolation. But when, to his amazement, there was no sign of Grange he stared down, the smile still fixed upon his lips, and after a moment's hesitation dived in after him.

The inquest on Grange was undisturbed by any suggestion that he had met his death other than by accident. He had rather a lot to drink, according to Stanton, and tripping over the diving-board had drowned. He himself had plunged in but had failed to find him at first. There were not many lights in “the swim” at that time of night.

The coroner, after making futile suggestions about fencing in the bath, bade the jury return a verdict of accidental death by drowning; and everyone in the club was pleased, but to one or two of them Stanton told what he said was the real truth. Naturally, he didn't tell them about the push, but he admitted something else which they found very curious.

“You know,” he said, “I told the coroner fellow that I couldn't find Grange. That wasn't quite correct. I dived straight on to him, but he wouldn't come up. He kept pulling me down; he damned nearly drowned me.”

“You were tight yourself, that's what the trouble was,” his listeners said. Stanton shook his head.

“I'd drink taken, but I wasn't tight,” he contradicted them. “Oh no, I understand what happened well enough. Grange told me that evening that the reason why drink didn't kill him was that he'd never found any particular one which had any lasting hold over him.” He paused, and then with an odd, twisted grin went on: “I found him one—water. He'd forgotten the taste of it, and that's what he was doing when I caught hold of him, just drinking in as fast as he could go.”

The listeners looked at Stanton very queerly, and now no one walks near the bath-late at night when Stanton's anywhere about the place. What he told them might be true, but, on the other hand, when these good-natured men lose their tempers, one never knows. Or does one?

THE END

* * *

Firth Shephard is ending the runs of his two great successes on Saturday, June 5: *The Frog*, after fourteen months at the Princes; *Swing Along*, after nine months at the Gaiety. The Princes Theatre will remain closed until August Bank Holiday, when Mr. Shephard will produce *Liquid Gold*, the new spectacular “thriller,” by Ian Hay. *Swing Along* will go to Golders Green and Streatham, after which Leslie Henson and company will have a month's holiday before starting rehearsals of a new musical comedy. This will open in the provinces in August and come to the Gaiety at the beginning of September. *Wise To-morrow* finished at the Lyric on Saturday, and will go to Golders Green and Streatham.



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WEDDINGS AND ENGAGEMENTS

This Month.

The marriage takes place this month between Captain Brian Hawkins, The Royal Berkshire Regiment, the son of the Rev. A. and Mrs. Hawkins, of High Croft, Malvern, and Miss Marjorie Geraldine King, the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Austin M. King, of Camden Crescent, Bath; on June 5, Captain C. R. P. Walker marries Miss Iris Lean at St. Michael's, Shepton Beauchamp; Mr. Godfrey Victor Ralli and Miss Nora Forman are being married on June 24, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street.

* * *

The only child of the late Commander T. C. H. Wallis, M.V.O., R.N., Mr. William Wallis of Grove Court, Drayton Gardens, S.W., who is to marry Lieut. Terence Butler, R.N., the only son of the Hon. Mrs. Francis Butler, and the late Hon. Francis Butler, of Belmore Cottage, Upham, Hants

In July.

Mr. Geoffrey Sackville Barrow, of Quorn Hall, Leicestershire, the son of the late Mr. Sydne Barrow, and Mrs. Barrow, of Sedgcombe House, Broad Campden, Gloucestershire, and Miss Maisie Prickett (Maisie Bordoni), of 71, Eaton Place, S.W., the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Prickett, of Pembrokeshire, are being married in July; on July 12, Mr. Henry Trotter marries Miss Rena Murray at St. Mark's, North Audley Street; on July 17, Mr. Edward Harvey Trollope, the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Harvey Trollope, of Munstead Belt, near Godalming, marries Miss Mary Irene Godden, the youngest daughter of the late Rev.

Cannons of Hollywood
MISS HERMIONE WILLIAMS

MISS JEAN MARIE HUME-GORE

Whose marriage takes place to-morrow (June 3) at St. James's, Spanish Place, to Mr. John Edmund Barrington Hope, the only son of the late Captain of Admiral Sir Roger Backhouse, K.C.B., C.M.G., and Lady Backhouse, of The Old Manor, Farsham, Hants. She is the only daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel G. R. V. Hume-Gore, M.C., and Mrs. Robert Hannah, of Woodlands Lodge, Southampton

F. E. Godden and of Mrs. Godden, of Woodhay, Guildford.

Recently Engaged.

Mr. Maurice Edward Matheson Harvey, the son of the late Lieutenant-Commander B. M. Harvey, R.N., and of Mrs. H. M. Cleminson, of 32, Berkeley Court, N.W., and The Maltlings, Writtle, Essex, and Miss Susan Bashford, the second daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Bashford, of Camden Cottage, Christchurch Road, Hampstead, N.W.; Major H. R. K. Gibbs, late 6th Gurkha Rifles, and Miss Norah Gwendolen Homewood, the youngest daughter of the late Captain and Mrs. Homewood, of Cheshire; Paymaster-Lieutenant Humphrey Fisher Crosby Halahan, Royal Navy, the younger son of the late Captain H. C. Halahan, D.S.O., R.N., and the late Mrs. Halahan, and Miss Evelyn Hope Baird, the only daughter of the late Captain Barrington Hope Baird, the Highland Light Infantry, and Mrs. Barrington Baird, of 41, Coates Gardens, Edinburgh; Flight-Lieutenant I. H. D. Walker, the elder son of Lieutenant-Colonel J. D. G. Walker, D.S.O., of Hafn, Treardur Bay, Anglesey, and the late Mrs. Walker, and Miss Evelyn Bridget (Susan) Long-Price, the second daughter of Mrs. John Savary, of The Market House, Sawbridgeworth, Herts.

Hay Wrightson
MISS MARIT GUINNESS

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. H. Guinness, of 6, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, who is engaged to marry Mr. Carl W. Aschan, the only son of Judge Aschan of Malmö, Sweden, and of Baroness Elsa Djurkou, of 73, Princes Court, Brompton Road, S.W.

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£4.7.6

The 24" model (R.21) on the right is in choice Cowhide of superb quality with hand-stitched corners and finest chromium-plated fittings.

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THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS SUITCASE

Pictures in the Fire—continued from p. 44

this: once get his mouth tired and dead, and you are lost. He will certainly run away with you and kill you. He would have made a superb Foreign Minister. Peace be to his ashes!

* * *

Now for some of these voluminous letters. A correspondent from far away over there, South America in actual fact, has written me a somewhat lengthy letter about F.-M. Lord Milne's pronouncement at the Mansion House some time ago, in which he said that we shall be lucky if we do not see a war, in which we are involved, inside of five months. I think the letter would have been more fittingly addressed to the Field-Marshal himself. The question put by my correspondent is: "What war?" As it seems to me there may be a large assortment from which anyone could take his pick, and, as I visualise things, and believing that all wars must have a definite target, the getting of something no one will give you willingly, they seem to fall into three categories, (a) improbable, (b) possible, and (c) probable. How does this little list strike the questioner, taking it as common ground that a decision which may obtain some tangible benefit is on the cards, and waiving for a moment the fundamental fact that all wars are wasteful: (1) America v. England: Impossible; no gain to either side, only certain loss. (2) America v. Japan: Decisive victory by either side extremely improbable, therefore quite futile and wasteful. No apparent object. Invasion by either side out of the question. (3) Japan v. England: A most unattractive proposition for us. (4) Japan v. Russia: A win for Japan which, quite possibly, might be even more decisive than in 1904. No one can hope to fight with such vulnerable lines of communication and no sea line of supply at all for his far-distant strong point, which, most probably, would be cut off by land very early on in the contest. (5) Russia v. Germany: I know which horse my money would be on. Choose your war for yourself. There is a very obvious target, which could possibly be reached. The price would be exorbitant.

* * *

It is suggested that almost all these wars might be entirely objectless. It is not difficult to pick the ones which might not be. I do not think that Lord Milne can be accused of being an alarmist. There is so much inflammable material lying about that someone has only to

drop a lighted cigarette end. It would be entirely tactless to indicate some other complications, which are very obvious. I should think even a blind man could see them. Any one of them might involve our own country whether we wanted war or not. So perhaps the gallant Field-Marshal was not "talking through his hat." I wish I could think that he was, and that he was "trying to frighten the nation into conscription." I am sure that nothing was farther from Lord Milne's thoughts. All that he suggested, very forcibly as we must admit, was that we should not invite war by continuing to be too weak to prevent it. When we have brought our fighting services up to strength we shall be able to say something unpleasant to anyone who shows ugly. At the moment we might be ill-advised to do so.

* * *

When, therefore, anyone asks "What war?" it is surely very plain that there is always the possibility of war at every point of actual contact, and also at some points where there is no actual contact of land or sea frontiers. It is all a business. If A thinks he can get something by punching B's head, punch it he will. If C thinks he can do either A or B in, he will do them in at once. It is very unfortunate that this should be so, but it is improbable that it will be altered this side of the millennium. My correspondent writes from such a very long distance away. He only read what Lord Milne said about a week before he wrote his letter, and since then things have not taken on a more peaceful aspect, to put it no higher. Only one thing is really certain, and that is, that if people talked less and were not so abominably rude when they talked, the probability of an explosion would recede; but so long as people are fond of hearing the sound of their own voices things will continue to get more edgy.

* * *

It is not my job to tip winners, Derby or otherwise, thank the stars, but if I owned a colt that had won the Guineas as brilliantly as Le Ksar did, I should not have given him two sea voyages on top of one he had had already—if I wanted to win the Derby with him. He may win it to-day, for all that, but I think it was taking a risk asking him to do so much travelling. The one that carries my stupendous investment is Cash Book, because he is bred as, at any rate, two outstanding winners were—parallel lines all the way back to Blacklock. Also, I think his performance warrants confidence.

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C.F.H.184

POLO NOTES By "Serrefile"

If one dare believe that things will have dried up sufficiently by June 16 to make polo possible there is a game at Aldershot which will be well worth travelling that far to see—Australia (the four Ashtons) v. The British Army—and as it can be seen in conjunction with the Tattoo, and you can dine at the Rushmoor Arena, I suggest that anyone fond of this sort of thing makes a note of it. It is also Ascot Week, and as the game is timed for 5.30 it will give people plenty of time to come on after the last race. The Aldershot Command Athletic Association, who run these matches, do things so exceedingly well that I think we can back them to do this show quite as smartly as they have done similar ones in the past. As to further detail, here is the official instruction: A reserved car park ticket for 10s. (which includes four complimentary tickets) for the special enclosure can be obtained from any of the following: The Aldershot Tattoo box office, chief Tattoo agencies in London and neighbourhood, and the Secretary, Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

An excellent view is ensured to all reserve car park ticket holders, for whom there will be a special enclosure in the centre of the ground.

* * * *

At the moment when these notes have to be delivered to the ever-rapacious printer (May 27) exactly one game has been possible on the London polo grounds, the little knock-up at Hurlingham on May 8, when The Knaves had an exercise



THE AUSTRALIAN TEAM AT WIMBLEDON

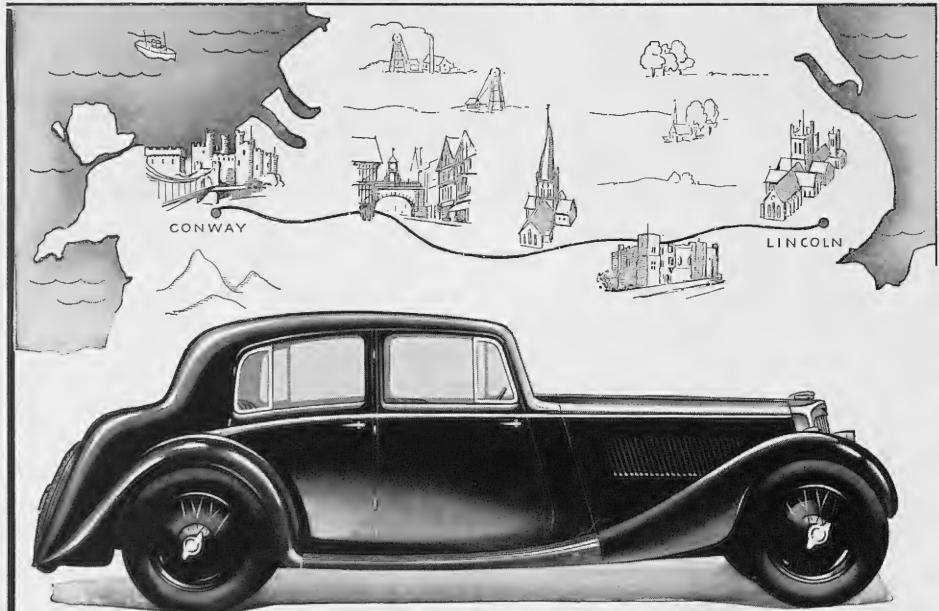
The four Ashton Brothers, the same Goulburn team that did so well over here in 1930 and nearly won the Championship. Many people believe that they may do it entirely this year if the rain lets them get any practice. The team is Messrs. G. G., J. H., P. S. K., and R. R. Ashton, with Mr. R. Skene the spare man

canter against a Hurlingham scratch side which was of no use to them at all except to give them a little stick and ball practice. This means that out of the three short months which are available for getting through all the various fixtures at G.H.Q., Ranelagh and Roehampton one has been filched from us by the rain. This is not the whole story, because country grounds like Tidworth and Aldershot, where some of the inter-Regimental practice might have been begun, have been in equally bad case. The Whitney Cup ought to have started on May 8—it was held up—the final was to have been played on May 15 (Roehampton)—the Buenos Aires Cup ought to have started operations on May 17 (Ranelagh); it suffered a similar fate; we were to have had two interesting exhibition matches at Hurlingham on Whit-Monday (May 17), Australia v. an Army side and Bhopal v. a Hurlingham side—the rain had made everything like a snipe bog, and so they were washed out. The Visitors' Handicap ought to have started at Hurlingham on May 24; Roehampton hoped to have got to the final of the Young Cup on the 22nd and that of their Open Cup on the 29th. There is a tie in the Inter-Regimental due at Hurlingham on June 5; some more, a whole bunch, in fact, between the 7th and 17th at the same place. And that is enough to be going on with. All the earlier dates mentioned above were knocked endways and we do not know what may be in store where the others mentioned, and all the rest to come, are concerned.

* * * * *
It has not stopped raining in this country for the thick end of a year. We know what happened to polo last "summer"; we know what kind of a hunting season it was,

(Continued on p. xx)

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Polo Notes—continued from p. xviii

pretty well girth-deep everywhere; we know what the trainers have had to contend with in water-logged gallops; it has even cramped the style of some of those hardy chaps, the golfers. And now look at our "Spring"! You can hunt and race in the deep if you want to, but you cannot play polo in it. The worst of it is that the moment we get what the B.B.C. broadcaster calls a "bright" period we completely forget that it has ever rained at all, and we also forget any idea about doing anything to combat what is a very serious situation if we are to continue to hope to go on playing this Eastern game in a Western setting. I do not claim to have found the complete remedy as, I am not a know-all, like some broadcasters, but I do suggest that my humble proposal for building an all-weather polo ground has acquired a bit of backing from these recent events. In suggesting a sand ground I am not handing on something that the butler told the cook, but something of which I have had personal experience. If an all-weather five-furlong gallop can be built, a polo ground can be built.

* * *

There are many other people, besides myself, who have ridden races over the R.C.T.C. sand course built in Calcutta to defeat what is called The Monsoon, three months of solid water—Rattle Barrett for one, Timothy Evans, another old playmate, for another, and, if he is in England, as I hear he is, C. H. Northmore, H.H. the Nawab of Bhopal's trainer, and formerly a jockey. As "Billy" Northmore is also an Australian, his views and advice would be doubly valuable, because India borrowed the sand race-course idea from Australia, and, if I remember rightly, it was old Sam Griffiths, who was an Australian and a stipendiary steward to the R.C.T.C., who first put them up to it. Arthur George Macpherson, of the naval collection fame, is also available. He is an ex-steward of the R.C.T.C. and knows all about how this course was built and how well it worked, even though he never rode a race in his life. If it would stand up to four or five flat races in an afternoon a similar surface will stand up to half a dozen eight-minute chukkers of polo. It never cuts up badly and, though it has never been claimed that it would be perfection, it will do the job of providing a surface when grass is a quagmire. No one liked riding races on it; personally, I hated it, as it was slow and apt to be dead, and likewise horses might have learnt to go a bit round if galloped on it too often; but it did make the impossible possible.

Anyway, if the divers polo governments will consult some of the people whose names I have mentioned, they can collect some other opinions in addition to my own, and I feel that they will be corroborative ones. The big idea is to make polo as popular and as possible as can be arranged and encourage all the people who can come into it. If there is this risk of a whole month being wiped out of the three possible ones in the London season, and nothing is done to diminish this risk, then it might happen that people will give it up in disgust. It is pretty obvious that something has to be done. I think Messrs. Trollope and Coils would be very helpful as to detail.

* * *

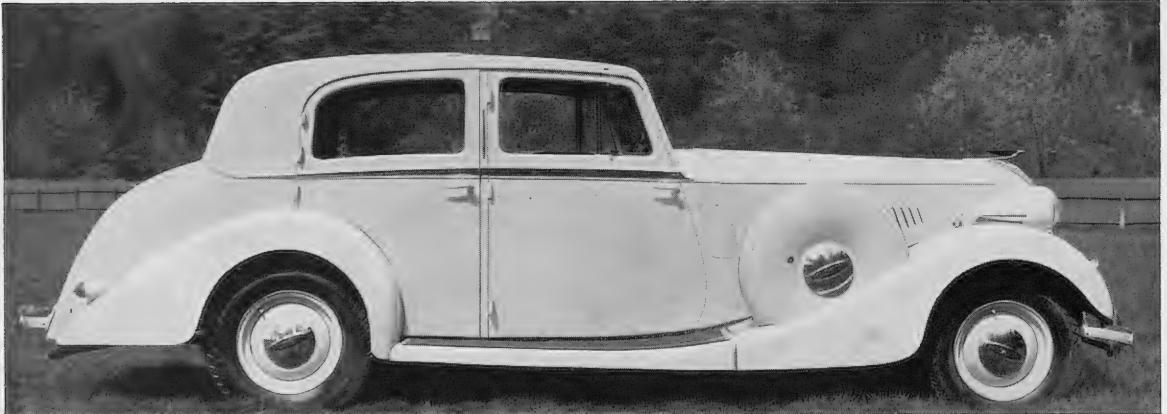
In this connection I republish the following letter written to me in 1931 by someone well known in the Beaufort country and who was, alas, finally knocked out by breaking his neck:

"I read your Polo Notes with the greatest interest each week, and more power to your elbow in urging the lethargic British temperament to think about the next American contest *now* instead of leaving everything until the time is actually on us and we have to collect the ponies and find a team by our time-honoured method of 'muddling through.'

"There is one thing in your articles which makes me a little uneasy, and that is your remarks about our climate! You quite justifiably point out that we are trying to play an Eastern game in our moist and misty Western island, and you reiterate the number of wet week-ends which we have had this summer, and rather rub in how short a polo season we can ever hope for. This to point your contention that the only way to compete with a country having the grounds which Americans can call on is to send our team abroad for its training. Now this may be quite true, but it is very discouraging to English polo! Is it safe to let our players and prospective players realise how short the London season is, and what terrible interruptions they may expect from our climate? I have the future of polo (as I know you have) very much at heart, believing that no sport (except hunting), and no other game can hold a candle to it. I fully realise our difficulties, the expense of the game in these hard times, and our dependence on weather (though, as a matter of fact, it is one of the only games you can enjoy when it is raining!). And so I think we should rather gloss over the drawbacks of our climate and encourage our players to keep going and make every effort to get young recruits to take it up.

"It would surprise most people to know that even during the late deplorable summer of 1930, and in the whole course of our long season (five months, April to September inclusive) play was only cancelled at the Beaufort on six days. Bert Cox has always thought, with you, that two of our principal difficulties in contending for the 'Cup' are climate and lack of grounds. The Beaufort Club is his effort to overcome them. If these suggestions interest you, make what use you like of this letter. You have always shown yourself a man of ideas and have spurred us on before."

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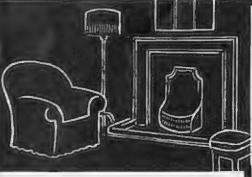
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BRIG.-GENERAL C. R. P. WINSER AND
THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON

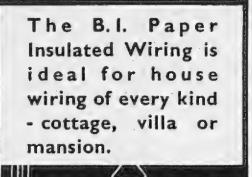
The Oxford Group Luncheon at the Park Lane Hotel last week, at which the originator of the movement, Dr. Frank N. D. Buchman, was present in person, was attended by 600 people. It was organised to meet women in the Oxford Group from overseas, and Mary Countess of Minto, Lady Dawber, Lady Fletcher, and Mrs. Zigmora received the guests. Dr. Buchman, who is seen in the left-hand picture with Lady Muriel Paget, a kinswoman of Lord Winchelsea, and Violet Lady Melchett, is a pastor of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Pennsylvania, and his first mission to Europe was as long ago as 1902. He started the Oxford Group Movement in 1921. Brigadier-General Winser, who is with the Duchess of Grafton, used to be in the South Lancashires and had a Brigade during the European War

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Lord and Lady Astor received the guests at this garden party in St. James's Square last week, which was given by the Royal Institution of International Affairs principally for distinguished people who were at the Imperial Conference; but naturally there were many others, as, for instance, Miss Cornelia Sorabji, the famous Parsee lady lawyer who has done such marvellous work in the Zenanas in India. She is seen talking to the ex-Viceroy of India. Lord Willingdon has also been Governor of Bombay and Governor of Madras. Canada's Prime Minister, Mr. Mackenzie King, was another figure of outstanding importance at this party, for which the rain was so kind as to hold off



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Lawn Tennis—continued from p. 452

to start at shorter than evens, it is imperative that we should possess a doubles team who can be relied upon to notch up a point for our side. I see that Perry has stated in an interview that if Austin by the luck of the draw plays our opponents' No. 1 on the first day, in the challenge round, when he is still fresh, and keeps No. 2 to the third day, instead of the other way round, as may happen, then he should win both his matches. Even so, we want another point from somewhere, and it does not look like coming from our second singles' string, especially now that Harold Lee is apparently too tied by business to give up the necessary time to training.

But all this is a long way from Paris, and there will doubtless be many further fluctuations in form before the challenge round in July. One thing to remember, and to take comfort from, is that the venue on that occasion will be our own beloved centre court, which makes up half a point at least to our side before the match opens, for our men are decisively better on grass, just as the Continental players are always half fifteen more formidable on their own hard courts. On the other hand, it must also be remembered that both the Australians and the Americans, either of whose teams at the time of writing may be figuring in the final challenge, both delight in a grass surface provided that the grass really is grass and not a porous, slithering green sponge, as inevitably the centre courts were at Surbiton by the end of a week's almost daily rain. Wimbledon has its tarpaulins, and because it has, with that charming climatic irony that is so much a feature of our English summers, seldom has to use them during the whole fortnight of the meeting, whereas other grass tournaments with no protection from the weeping vagaries of the skies could usually do with half a dozen tarpaulins before the week is out.

So at any rate it was with Surbiton, and considering the adverse conditions with which the referee had to compete I think it was remarkable that the open events reached the final stages at all. And, once there, even more remarkable that the players went on to court to play them out. For example, Bob Tinkler's singles match with P. V. V. Sherwood was started in a drizzle, continued in a drizzle, and ended like a damp squib, with water squelching out of the balls every time they were hit, rather as though the competitors were taking part in a water gymkhana. Which were, to say the least of it, spoilsport conditions and extremely bad luck on the two players, especially since both of them are nowadays prevented from playing regularly in tournaments by the disciplinary time-tables of their careers. Under

the circumstances, considering how little practice he had this year, it was a magnificent feat of Sherwood to put out Lee on the way to the final. That was the only surprise at Surbiton, except for the defeat of Alice Marble by Freda James; but, after all, there is no greater leveler at any game than wind or rain, and although I was not there that day it is patently evident from the photographs of the match that Miss Marble, accustomed to the dry, fast courts of California, was completely unable to keep her balance long enough to reach the net. Personally, I consider it was very plucky of her to go on to the court at all under such conditions, and I sincerely hope she will find happier, that is to say drier, ones in the Middlesex Championships at Chiswick Park this week.

The Saturday of the Surbiton finals I happened to be taking a busman's holiday at Sandwich, watching golf for a change, and it was while I was taking refuge from the rain and wind in a hut on the course that Michael Scott made a remark I shall always remember, and with which I think Miss Marble would agree. Looking towards the drenching skies, he exclaimed, "I wonder what a fellow in Mars would think if he looked down and saw what we were doing in this weather?" What, indeed!

And yet that same afternoon, in the same filthy conditions, a match was played on the Ifley road varsity sports ground at Oxford that kept a large audience excited and spellbound till the last stroke had been played, the last skid had happened, the last ball hissed into water-logged silence at the side of the court. It must have been years since such a thrilling neck-and-neck race has taken place in the annual tennis encounter between the two varsities. On the Friday Oxford had started off with a grand lead of five out of six singles, but Cambridge came back with a bang on the Saturday, and in the doubles, and at eight all, nine all, even ten all and one set all, the battle was still nobody's. And then Cambridge in the gathering darkness finished off with a love set, Nicolaides and Eeman defeating Anderson and M. J. Condon, who were exhausted by winning a first set at that stage of the proceedings of twenty games. Outstanding performances on both sides came from L. E. King, a young Irishman from Australia, who has come to Oxford with a victory over Boy McGrath to his credit, J. D. Anderson, who at Wimbledon last year was unlucky to find Jack Lysaght in uncompromising mood, G. T. M. Zarafi, the first Frenchman who has ever captained Cambridge, and last but far from least, G. Nicolaides, who has had the unique distinction of being in a position to ask for leave during term time in order to help his country in their Davis Cup tie.

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LADIES' KENNEL

Our Open Show was a great success. There was a pleasant, friendly atmosphere about it. Lady Howe was well enough to be present with Cheverells Ben and her famous Pointer, F.T.Ch. Blackfield Jill. The Best in Show saw Heather Realisation first with Ben reserve. There was a large attendance of people from abroad, the Dominions and the U.S.A. The Show ran with the perfect smoothness one has learned to associate with Mr. and Mrs. Pye's management, and all was over in good time—not so easy as it sounds in a one-day Show. In spite of the drawback of counter Coronation attractions and the bus strike the attendance was good. In a large Show it is rather difficult to say which classes of dogs were best, but many well-known Champions were on view. Mme. Trois Fontaines showed her splendid Pyrenean dogs; and Mrs. Powell three tiny Chihuahuas, who were in flood-lit kennels. The Obedience classes, as usual, excited a lot of interest. The Poodles always seem to enjoy this more than the other breeds. Altogether a memorable Show.

* * *

The Golden Retriever is an extremely attractive dog, both in appearance and character, so attractive, indeed, that at one time he was in danger of being spoilt. But he had wise friends and that danger is past, and the Golden Retriever is one of our foremost gundogs and a successful competitor at Field Trials. He still retains his charming character, and you can keep your working dog in the house with you. One of these wise friends is Mrs. Charlesworth whose kennel is well known; all are workers, non-



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CH. NORANBY DIANA
The property of Mrs. Charlesworth

ASSOCIATION NOTES

workers are not allowed. She writes as follows: "I have a good litter of Goldens by Mrs. Nagle's great working and Show winner, Dusty D'Or, from my Ch. Noranby Diana, a winner of prizes at Trials and five Challenge Certificates. One or two of these puppies are for sale and they should be really good-class workers as both parents are celebrated for their pluck in punishing covert, and they are of a hard and virile strain."

* * *

The Misses Verrall's Sealyhams are well known to us all. The photograph is of Who Cares, sold to a lady in South Africa through this paper. She saw the picture of some puppies and wrote for one. When he arrived she was so pleased with him that she cabled for two more, and, as can be seen, he is a lovely dog. Miss Verrall always has puppies and youngsters for sale, both for Show and as companions.

* * *

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* * *

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VISIT OF HIS EXCELLENCY GENERAL FIELD-MARSHAL VON BLOMBERG TO THE ROYAL TANK CORPS DEPOT, BOVINGTON CAMP
During his recent visit to this country at the head of the German Delegation to the Coronation, Field-Marshal Von Blomberg, Germany's distinguished Minister for Defence, was conducted on a tour which embraced many centres which have to do with our own defence organisation, and after visiting Air Force concentration centres went to see the tanks at Bovington under the conduct of the G.O.C. Southern Command, who may be seen sitting next to the Field-Marshal in the above group. The names in the picture are, left to right:—

Back row—Capt. J. C. E. Harding, M.C., Capt. J. T. Gough, Lieut. C. G. Lakin-Smith, Lieut. H. Cantrell, Lieut. D. J. E. O'Flynn, M.B.E., Lieut. W. B. Blain, Capt. G. Gaisford, Capt. F. K. Brooke, Lieut. A. C. Jackson, 2nd-Lieut. R. W. Campbell, Capt. G. E. Kirby, Lieut. Viscount Garmoyle (Rifle Brigade); Middle row—Lieut. W. de L. M. Messenger, Capt. G. Hynes, Capt. T. K. D. Pritchett, Major G. W. Quin-Smith, Major F. Worthington, M.C., M.M. (Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry), Major R. N. L. Hopkins (Australian Staff Corps), Capt. S. B. G. Simmonds, Major E. F. Ledward, Major R. C. Cooney, O.B.E., Major D. J. MacLeod, O.B.E., Capt. G. S. N. Knight, Lieut. H. M. Liardet, Rev. D. A. Duncan, C.F.; Front row—Major H. L. Birks, R.T.C. (Gen. Staff W.O.), Wing-Comd. C. Vachell (R.A.F.), Lieut. G. H. K. Smith, Lieut. G. P. Drake-Brockman, D.S.O., M.C., Major Kitschman, Brigadier W. M. Sutton, D.S.O., M.C., His Excellency General Field-Marshal Von Blomberg, General Sir J. Bennett-Stuart, G.C.B., K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O. (G.O.C. Southern Command), Major-General Von Stumpf, Brigadier A. G. Paterson, D.S.O., M.C. (Commanding 1st Tank Bde.), Major Von Decken, Colonel J. Tilley, D.S.O., M.C., Hauptmann Von Blomberg, Lieut.-Colonel M. B. Burrows, D.S.O., M.C., 5th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards (Gen. Staff W.O.).

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Racing Ragout—continued from p. 424



AT THE SOUTHERN COMMAND HORSE SHOW
LORD GEORGE SCOTT
AND MRS. ARMYTAGE

Lord George Montagu-Douglas-Scott is a brother of H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester and of the Duke of Buccleuch. He is in the 10th Hussars, who are stationed at Tidworth

in his irons and deliberately strangling his horse in front of the stands. The idea is, however, eminently praiseworthy, and might with advantage be used to brighten up Goodwood and, coupled with the cinema rights, give us some added money to race for.

Under the patronage of King George VI the twenty-fifth International Horse Show will be held at Olympia, London, from Thursday, June 17, to Saturday, June 26, with performances each afternoon and evening. There is every indication of a highly successful effort. Boxes and seats are in lively demand, the number of classes has been increased, there is a splendid entry of the finest bloodstock, and uniformed officers of eight nations will figure in the jumping competitions, a record in the history of the Show.

There will be gala performances on Monday afternoon, June 21, when T.R.H. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester will see jumping for the Edward Prince of Wales' gold challenge cup, and on Thursday afternoon, June 24, when officers of the armies will compete round the course for the King George V gold trophy. A special feature will be provided by Le Cadre Noir, from the French Cavalry School, Saumur.

yet so human." There you are, then. Sport is the great cementer of nations, and something ought to be done about it. The prize is worth about £6,000, and the entrance only about £80, for which you get a free fortnight's jolly in Munich, a spot of delightfully healthy enticing, and the chance thrown in of being cast for the title rôle in the merry games and, clad only in the Brown Riband of Germany, being pursued through the park by a score or so of untamed and yet so human goddesses.

I understand that the last gentleman to take the part of Pan was warned off in all countries affiliated with the Oberste Behörde für Vollblutzucht und Rennen for standing up



ALSO AT TIDWORTH: CAPT. M. N. E.
MACMULLEN AND MISS WINGFIELD

Captain Macmullen is another 10th Hussar. Miss Wingfield's brother, Mr. A. D. R. Wingfield, is senior subaltern of the regiment and their father, Colonel the Hon. Maurice Wingfield, is Lord Powerscourt's brother

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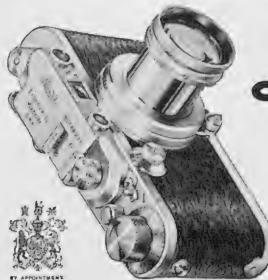
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NOTES FROM HERE AND THERE

Friends of the Poor, 42, Ebury Street, S.W.1, ask for 5s. weekly to help two maiden ladies, aged 81 and 80 respectively. For many years they have lived on the outskirts of London on an income of £109 per annum, this included an allowance from relations, also their "old age pensions." Last autumn the elder and more active sister met with an accident in the street and during the winter months she realised she would never be strong enough to continue the house-work. Their landlady not being able to look after them, they decided to move and they have found a home for ladies on the South Coast. The fees, which are £1 weekly, practically swallow their income, for they have only £5 between them for all pocket money. Friends of the Poor are very anxious they have a few shillings for extra comforts

* * *

Cobham Hall Gardens, Kent, are now a dream of loveliness and nothing like them is to be seen in England. Countless thousands of lupins in every known colour, and many new ones, are now coming out fast; also vast drifts of laburnums and bluebells—one of the loveliest combinations imaginable. Sheets of irises now beginning, rhododendrons, azaleas and many other lovely flowers, plants of all of which can be bought in the nurseries. No one should miss this lovely garden, which is open to the public every Wednesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday, at the price of only one shilling. Food and refreshments may be obtained at Laughing Water Restaurant (fully licensed) close by.

* * *

At the Streatham Hill Theatre, the week commencing Monday, June 7, *Wise To-morrow* will be presented with Nora Swinburne and the entire company and production from the Lyric Theatre. The following week commencing Monday, June 14, *Swing Along* is to be presented with Leslie Henson, and the company and production transferred in its entirety from the Gaiety Theatre



RUTH COLEMAN AND HARVEY STEPHENS
IN "NIGHT OF MYSTERY"

This new Paramount murder thriller started at the Plaza on May 18, and if you are not thrilled it will be entirely your own fault. Ruth Coleman plays Sibella, one of the many suspects, and Harvey Stephens Dr. Von Blon, who is also mixed up in it but in the end marries Sibella

* * *

A Gala Performance of the Operette *Paganini* is being held at the Lyceum Theatre on Friday, June 4 next, in aid of the Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End. Her Majesty Queen Mary has graciously consented to be present. Richard Tauber and Evelyn Laye will play the leads and Franz Lehár will conduct in person. Judging by all reports the success of the operette is absolutely assured and it should run for a considerable time.

* * *

Revueville 92 opened at the Windmill Theatre on May 24, with Edna Wood, Doris Barry and the Windmill Girls, Eric Woodburn, Leslie Spurling, Ken Birrell, and Warden and West all giving of their best in the type of entertainment which is so popular that of recent weeks it has filled not only the Windmill, but also the much larger Piccadilly Theatre. There is a ballet called *Electrons*, in which, for the first time in any theatre, by a new and hitherto unexploited use of ultra-violet ray-lighting, spectacular results are achieved. The method is an adaptation of mercury discharged lighting, such as is used in the most up-to-date street installations. Ivor Beddoes is responsible for the entire production of this, and he and Audrey Champion dance the leading rôles.

* * *

A Correction

By a photographer's error, a lady shown in a picture in our issue of May 12 as dining at the opening of the Pavilion Club, Datchet, was described as Lady Cholmondeley. Lady Cholmondeley was not present at this event. THE TATLER apologises for the mistake.



Tenova for Tennis

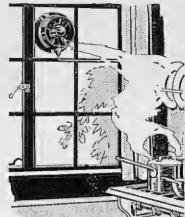
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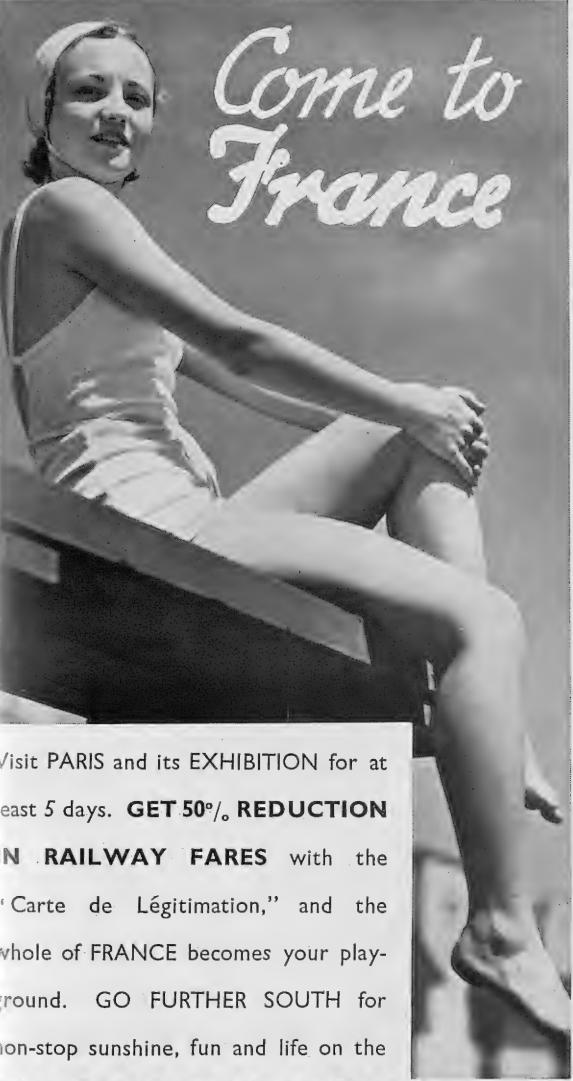
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THE KNOW

About Curly Hair

The arrangement of the coiffure is of particular interest during this brilliant season, when women wish to look their best. Not so very many years ago, natural curls were the envy of all who were born with straight hair, but to-day it is possible for every woman to acquire soft, rippling waves which to all intents and purposes are natural. Eugène are the creators of a wonderful system of permanent waving which is lasting in its beauty, and quite harmless to the finest hair. Steam, produced by electrical heaters, is filtered through perforated sachets and evenly distributed over the whole head, thereby ensuring a firm, tight curl without over drying the hair. Another Eugène method, called "Airogène," which is equally good and slightly quicker, differs from the ordinary system in that there are no heaters, just simple spring clips known as "Contractors." These are much lighter and more comfortable for people with sensitive scalps, while any risk of over steaming or drying is thus completely done away with



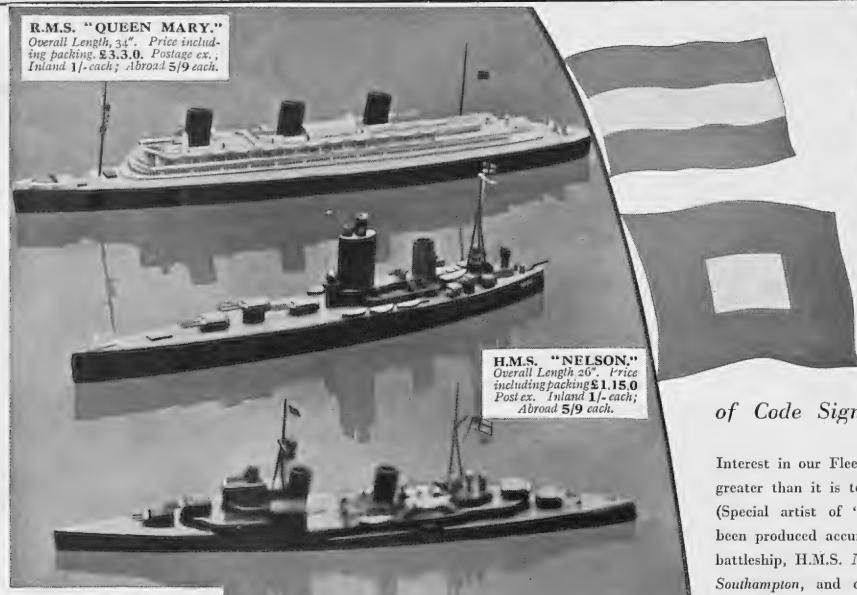
These charming evening coiffures demonstrate the beauty of a Eugène permanent wave which leaves the hair soft and lustrous. Spiral winding from root to point ensures an even wave and firm curls, while the presence of steam prevents the hair from becoming too dry

And How to Dress It

Since variety is the spice of life, no woman should go too long without achieving some subtle change in her appearance. It may lie in the choice of a new make-up or a different colour scheme, or, again, in the way she does her hair. If she is young and twenty-five with a small, sophisticated face, she will choose the style in the top left-hand corner. This is designed by Eugène for evening and follows a severe backward sweep. The effect is semi-pompadour with a high parting and flat waves. A few light curls appear at the side front and cluster round the nape of the neck.

The more picturesque and fluffy coiffure next to it is suggested for the woman of thirty-five who in the prime of life requires softer lines. Large loose curls stand up over her head, merging into sleek waves and tapering curls across the back. A simple, becoming style is designed below for the middle-aged woman. Regular waves across the crown lend dignity and charm to an older face, while a few loose curls have a softening effect clustered above the ears

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ROUND AND ABOUT NOTES

Overseas visitors remaining in England until the first week in July will be able to finish a season remarkable for spectacular events with a visit to the Pageant of Surrey. A beauty spot called The Dell on the estate of the Earl and Countess of Iveagh at Pyrford Court, near Woking, forms the site of the show, which is in aid of hospital charities; and thousands of performers will appear in colourful episodes illustrating the history and national aspects of one of our loveliest counties. Surrey was intimately concerned with events leading up to the signing of Magna Charta, so the Pageant starts with those incidents in 1215. Charles the First stayed the night at Farnham on his way to Whitehall for trial and execution, and this emotional scene will be re-enacted in the Pageant. Then come exciting glimpses of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381, the frightful Wars of the Roses, and the making of gunpowder in Surrey at the time of the Armada. James the First is entertained at Farnham after hunting. In the Civil War of the 1640's Cavalier and Roundhead come into the arena, attacking and defending Farnham Castle.



A PARAMOUNT STAR: DOROTHY LAMOUR

Dorothy Lamour is one of the rising planets in the Paramount constellation. She was with Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in *Swing High*, *Swing Low*, and soon afterwards joined Irene Dunne and Randolph Scott in the cast of *High, Wide and Handsome*

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Franzensbad, C.S.R.—Hotel Königsvilla.—The best place for Rheumatic-Heart complaints and Women's functional disorders. Prospectus.

FRANCE

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GERMANY—continued.

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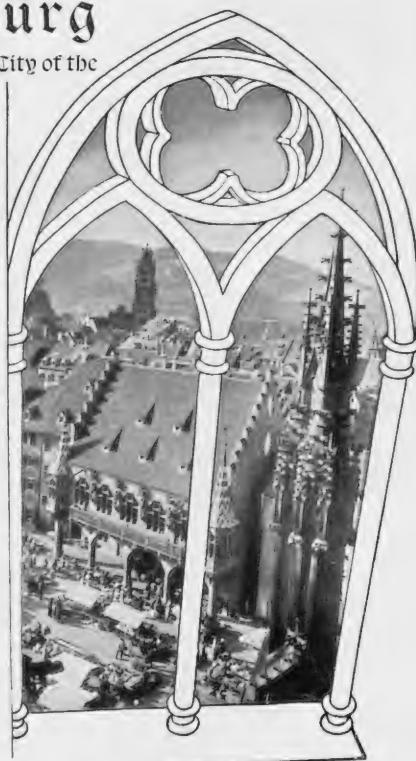
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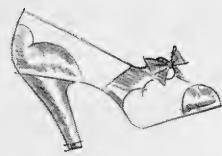
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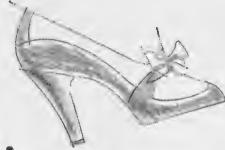
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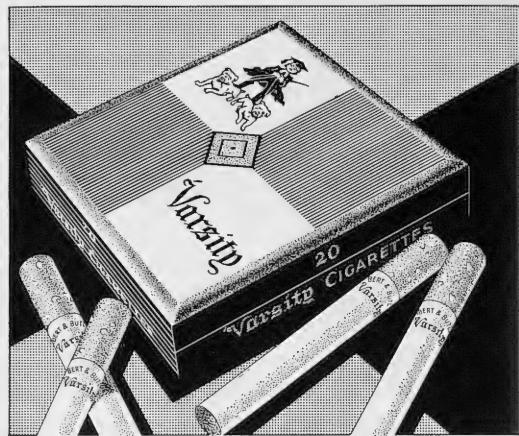
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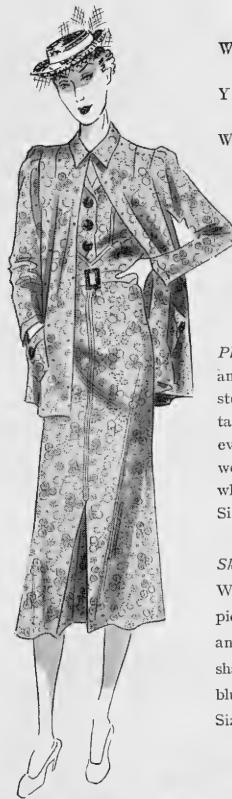
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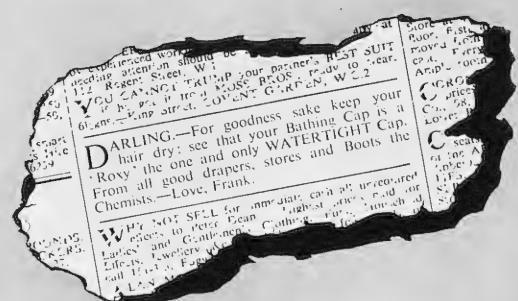
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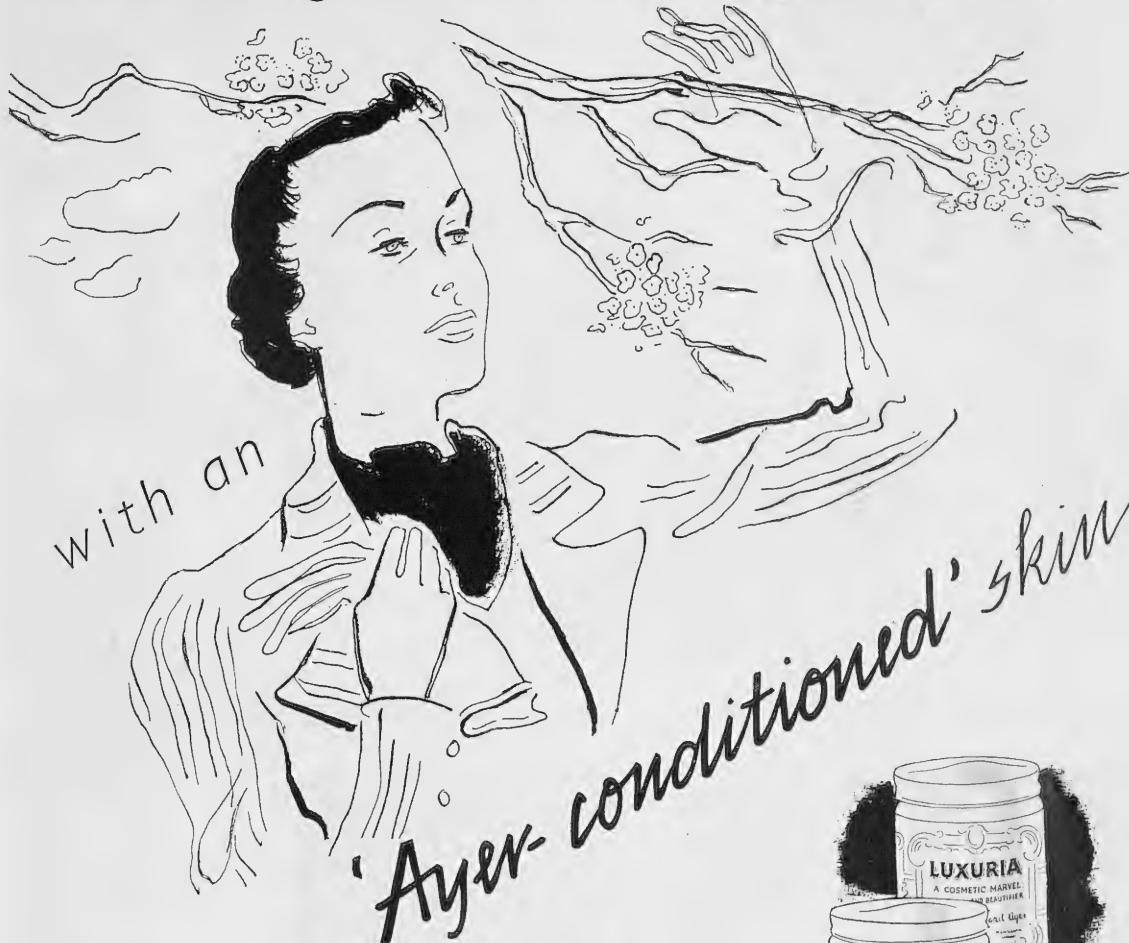


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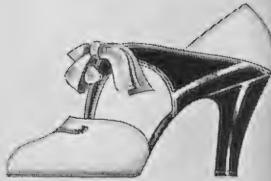
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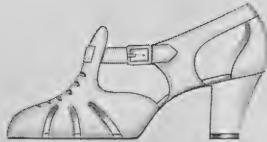
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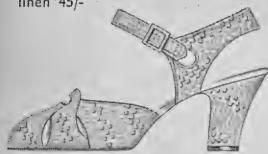
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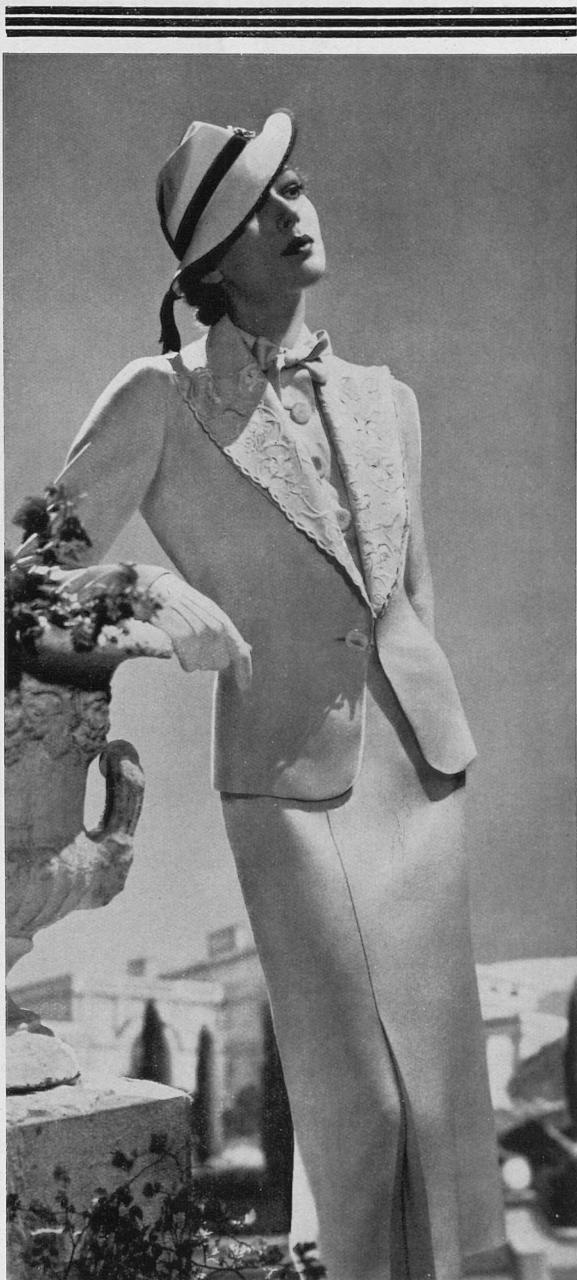
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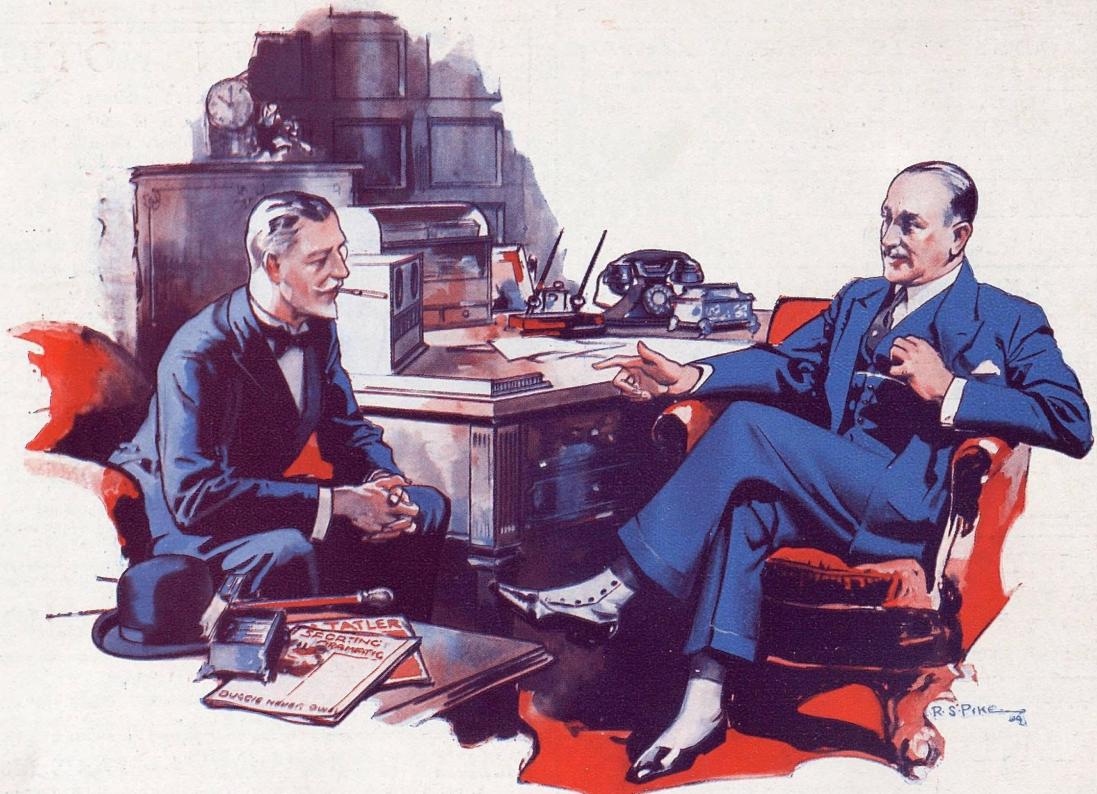
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Your £1 is only worth 18/-

Sir Edward : Granted that your terms beat the 'Tote' badly it would appear that the facilities only benefit stay-at-home backers, and that you have very little to offer a racegoer."

Duggie : "What about the 5% bonus on win bets, and 25% bonus on place bets?"

Sir Edward : " . . . foolish to have forgotten that. Have you a Course representative?"

Duggie : "No, my business is done at Stuart House; but surely it's much easier to telegraph from the Course than to queue up at the 'Tote'?"

Sir Edward : "Admitted, but there's the expense of sending telegrams."

Duggie : "Sorry to pull you up again, Sir Edward. You've forgotten that I pay for all telegrams my clients send me."

Sir Edward : "Hang it all . . . should have remembered that. Any other factor?"

Duggie : "Yes, a very important one, rather technical, but quite simple."

Sir Edward : "I'll do my best to understand it."

Duggie : "Let's presume that the 'Tote' has sold 1,000 2/- units of a horse and returned the odds at the rate of 8/1."

Sir Edward : "That's easy to follow."

Duggie : "And you wish to invest £100 on that horse at 'Tote' odds."

Sir Edward : "Again very simple. I only have to walk up to the machine."

Duggie : "Ha, that's the point. Your £100 on the machine would increase the units sold to 2,000 and the odds would be at 4/1 not 8/1."

Sir Edward : "Yes, I understand that. There would be 2,000 tickets to share the pool instead of 1,000."

Duggie : "Correct, but if you wired your £100 to me any time up to the 'off' as you can according to our arrangement, the number of units on the machine would not be increased and you would still get 8/1 instead of 4/1."

Sir Edward : "By Jove, I hadn't thought of that, neither do I think anyone else has. Before I leave, can I ask you a rather pertinent question? How is it you can give backers so much better value than the 'Tote'?"

Duggie : "Because, Sir Edward, as soon as you put your £1 on the 'Tote' it's only worth (at most) 18/-, 10% less, whereas I work on a tremendously smaller margin of profit."

"Duggie Explains" series are based on actual conversations held with clients, but names used are entirely fictitious.

"Duggie" is Waiting to Open an Account with You.

Douglas Stuart Ltd.

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